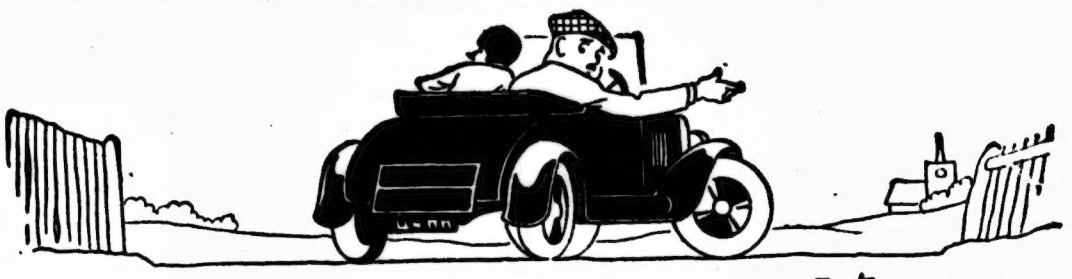
JOHN BULL, AUGUST 3, 1929
TWOPENCE

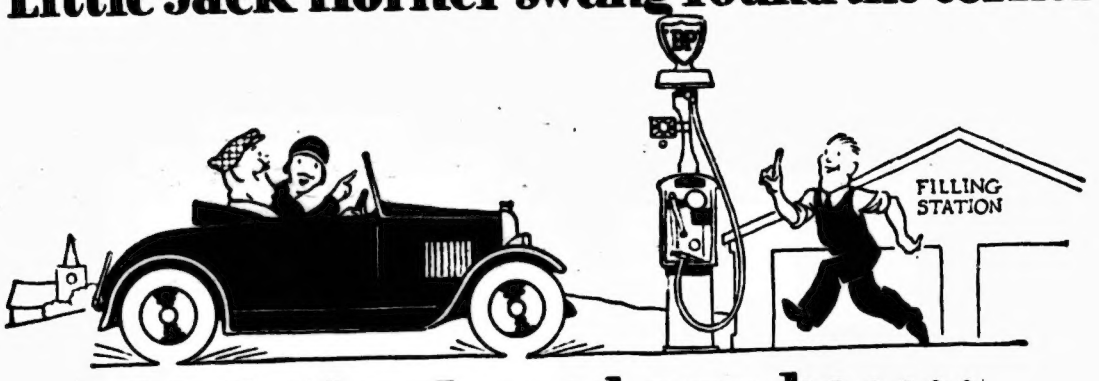
JOHN BULL

No. 1207.
Vol. XLVI.

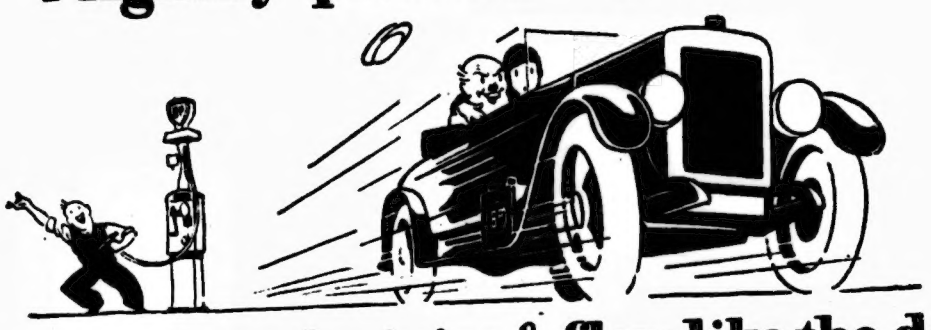
OVER A MILLION SALE



Little Jack Horner swung round the corner



Mightily pleased was he ····



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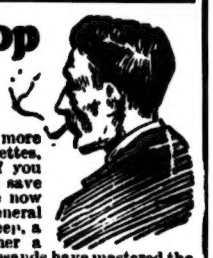

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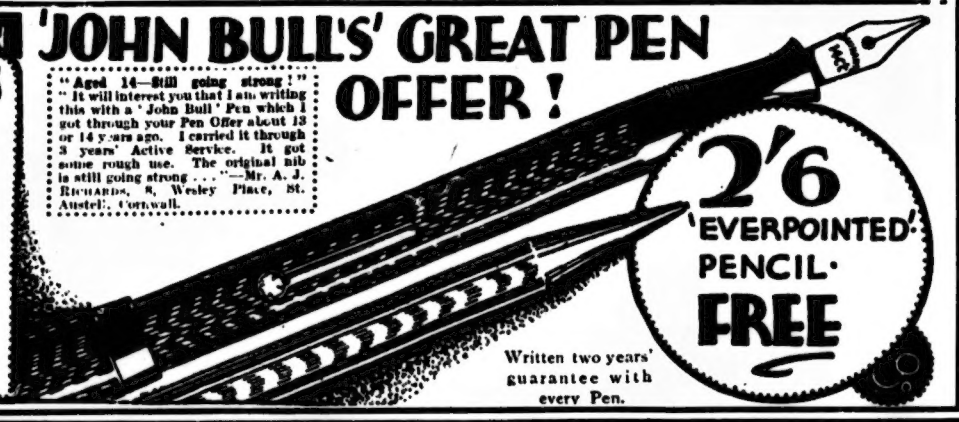

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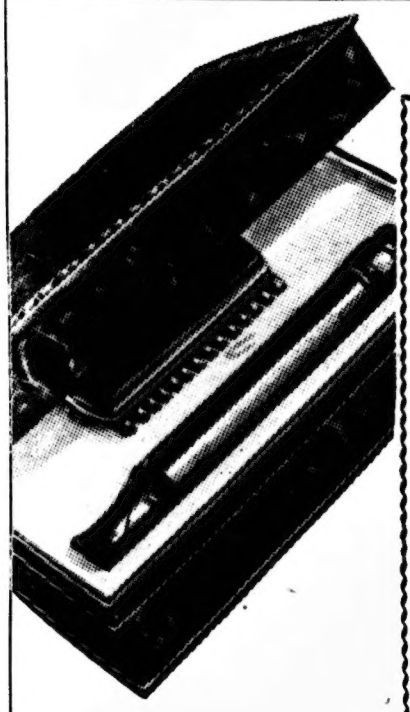

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To "John Bull" Summer Annual Gift Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I send herewith Gift Voucher to which I have affixed the head of John Bull cut from page 54 of the "John Bull" Summer Annual. I certify that I am a registered reader of "John Bull" and that I have handed on this week's copy of "John Bull" to a friend who is not already a reader. In accordance with your offer, please send me free the "Gillette" Mayfair de Luxe Presentation Razor Set. I enclose P.O. for sixpence to cover postage, packing and insurance on my Gift.

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"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Liberals and their Drought—A Tawney Brain

Lloyd is Only the First

Nothing but Expenses

AN amazing situation has developed within the Liberal Party. Recently Lord St. Davids, who is a trustee of the Party Fund, descended on headquarters and asked to see the balance-sheet.

He was so perturbed at the enormous sum spent on the Election that he delivered an ultimatum to the effect that the capital sum, now standing at £300,000, must henceforth remain intact.

* * *

Since income does not exceed £40,000, and headquarters and whips' expenses consume about £30,000, there is little left to play with.

* * *

Expenditure is being ruthlessly cut, and local agents withdrawn all over the country. Candidates who exceeded their grant from headquarters are having to foot their own bills, many, in consequence, having had to liquidate their personal assets, including motor-cars.

These young men now lightly turn to thoughts of finding another Party.

The brain behind

In high Labour circles they are hoping that Professor R. H. Tawney may be one of the new Labour peers before very long.

His is the big brain behind the Miners' Federation.

Many of the schemes for the reorganisation of the coal industry that the miners have presented from time to time have been drawn up in his professional study.

Many, too, of the speeches of the miners' leaders at Downing Street and elsewhere, though uttered with the lips of Mr. A. J. Cook and Mr. Herbert Smith, have been based on briefs drawn up by him.

Cast your bread

Roads in East Africa, railways in Uganda, bridges over the Zambesi, and similar schemes have been fished out of the Colonial Office pigeon-holes in large numbers. The £1,000,000 which the Government will vote for Colonial development will soon be swallowed up.

The Zambesi bridge scheme, for example, will cost 2¾ million pounds; of this sum about £1,000,000 will be expended in this country.

Thus, if the Government make a grant of £250,000 towards the scheme, whether as a block grant or as payment of interest and sinking fund, most of it would return in clear profit, in addition to the benefit of wages for steel-making, etc.

Their own cure

A private report on the depression in the heavy industries has now been prepared, and is to be sent to the Prime Minister and Mr. J. H. Thomas almost immediately.

It is the work of a special committee of experts appointed by the heavy industries themselves, and covers every important trade.

These experts condemn the methods proposed by Mr. Thomas for solving unemployment, and declare that the money thus spent will be wasted.

They make several new proposals to which it is hoped the Government will give serious attention, as they have the backing of industrial leaders who have co-operated in the report.

"His name was used freely"

Rainbow economics

Mr. Reginald McKenna's support for the Beaverbrook Empire Preference scheme, to which we referred last week, has led to a somewhat piquant situation in the City.

Some time ago, Mr. McKenna, together with a large number of other leading bankers in London and on the Continent, signed a bankers' memorandum urging the gradual abolition of all tariff walls in Europe.

Mr. McKenna's name was used quite freely at the time to obtain support for these proposals, and those who signed on the understanding that he was strongly backing the scheme are asking what has happened in the interim to change his opinions.

They would like to know whether he still supports the views to which he then put his name, and, if so, how he squares them with his attitude now.

More to follow

The resignation of Lord Lloyd, High Commissioner in Egypt, is the first of several such resignations.

The others may not be negotiated quite so bluntly, but the Labour Government, to say nothing of the Civil Servants, are quite determined on changes.

There are a number of men in the Labour movement, inside the House and outside of it—some of them with experience of the Diplomatic and Colonial Service—who are looking forward hopefully to the possibility of being appointed to governorships.

The great detective

Most of the sensational predictions which have been made about the future plans of Chief Constable Wensley have been founded upon hearsay or imagination.

The truest story, which first appeared in the *People*, related to an offer to join the Chicago police.

Although this offer carried a tempting cash bait, Mr. Wensley has now declined it because he suspected, rightly, that a big American newspaper syndicate was behind it.

Chief Constable Wensley has no intention of taking up any active work in the future. After a well-earned holiday at the coast he will visit relatives in Canada before settling down to his books and his garden.

The fall

Baron von Rheinbaben, the biographer of Herr Stresemann, Germany's great Foreign Minister, has revealed that his hero opened his public life by producing a doctor's thesis entitled "The Development of the Bottled Beer Trade in Berlin."

Now he has fallen away from this first fine careless rapture to mere Locarno Pacts and diplomacy.

The silent Navy

What was the real cause of the recent explosion in H.M.S. *Vindictive*, lying off Chatham, which resulted in the death of an artificer named Huzzey and caused injury to two stokers?

Only the vaguest particulars were divulged at the inquest; and Lt.-Commander A. S. Russell made the astounding admission that, although a Naval Court of Enquiry had been held, its findings might never be made public.

Why? He must explain this secrecy

The jury, which returned a verdict of "Accidental death," held that there had been negligence on the part of someone handling explosives in the ship, and lodged a protest that very little vital evidence had been placed before it.

Why this secrecy? Mr. A. V. Alexander, the First Lord of the Admiralty, must explain.

Now for daylight

The mystery surrounding poor Ralph Giddens' death in the Ministry of Pensions Hospital at Cosham, Hants—which, as readers will recall, we dealt with fully a few weeks ago, when we demanded a complete and impartial enquiry into all the strange circumstances—has reached a dramatic stage.

In recording a verdict of manslaughter against one of the orderlies the coroner's jury added a rider expressing grave dissatisfaction with the general administration of the hospital.

The Minister of Pensions has now an obvious duty to fulfil. He must hold an immediate enquiry as the outcome of the jury's rider. And this enquiry must not be departmental, but public, so that the whole matter can be thrashed out openly.

Mute, inglorious

Liberals have a grievance against the present arrangement in Parliament which permits them to speak only in strict proportion to their numbers.

In the Safeguarding debate three Liberals spoke for every fifteen Conservatives, while the Government replied to nearly every speech.

If this procedure was rigidly followed, an Independent member would get his chance once in 615 times. Yet the Independent often puts a case as strongly as the Party speakers.

Bitter-sweet

The Marconi Company and the Radio Manufacturers' Association have reached a new agreement, which it is intended shall operate from August 24. This reduces the royalty paid to Marconis on every valve-holder from 12s. 6d. to 5s.

In their joy, however, listeners should beware of another clause.

This stipulates that the Radio Manufacturers' Association shall inform Marconis of any evasions of royalty payments.

So if you own a "home-made" set and do not pay your royalties, you may easily find yourself in a police-court.

Tell the world!

We are reliably informed that acute differences of opinion have arisen among members of the Broadcasting Commission.

The chairman is Lord Clarendon. We suggest to his lordship that if he wishes to give the public a real treat he should arrange to broadcast the discussions of the Commission.

Bad business

In the last completed year, the Hearts of Oak Assurance Company spent more than 60 per cent. of its premium income on management.

This is one of the astounding disclosures in the report of the Industrial Assurance Commissioner that has just been issued.

Several other societies and companies have records nearly as bad—they spend 40, 50, 56 and 57 per cent. of their premium income in collection expenses.

Death rivers

The present drought is drawing attention to river pollution.

As long as the usual sources of water supplies were available, people did not worry much about this evil.

But it is a different story when the farmer and the country housewife are forced to fall back on wells and local streams, only to find that they have been destroyed by pollution.

The Ouse, Trent, Colne, Lea, Itchen, Wandle, Medway, Mole, Wey, Kentish Stour and Dee are all contaminated. In fact, only 10 per cent. of our rivers are free from poison.

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

Taking the screw off

Some of the lawyers who have made large fortunes out of commercial cases are now complaining bitterly because their practices are dwindling.

Business firms are depending upon private arbitration to settle differences instead of taking them to the courts.

The lawyers will soon be still more badly hit. Proposals submitted by leading City firms through the London Court of Arbitration are now before the Lord Chancellor and will shortly be incorporated in a Bill.

This Bill will, if passed, make it still easier for lawsuits to be avoided.

Who told him?

Our exposure of the tragedy of seven-year-old Jimmy Diment, who was sent to an industrial school for nine years for being concerned in a petty theft, has provoked widespread sympathy.

He's amongst our supporters

Amongst our supporters is the Rev. Gordon Lang, M.P. But when he recently raised the question of the poor child's plight in the House of Commons, he secured no satisfaction from Mr. Clynes.

One of the grounds upon which the Home Secretary decided not to intervene was that the boy is "over eight years of age."

This is not true, for the child's birth certificate, now before us, shows that he was born on October 7, 1921. Mr. Clynes has clearly been misinformed and should reconsider his decision without delay.

The postman's knock

We are indebted to Mr. J. W. Bowen, M.P., general secretary of the Union of Post Office Workers, for eliciting the following official figures of wage rates among postal workers.

It appears that of 181,000 people employed by the G.P.O. about 81,000 receive inclusive wages of between £2 10s. and £3 10s. a week. There are 21,000 who receive less than £2 10s. a week, and 18,000 whose wages are under £2. And the Post Office profits are £7,000,000 a year!

Mr. Lees Smith, Postmaster-General, who has some reputation as an economist, had better undertake a general overhaul of his Department.

His factory paradise

Dr. A. Vernon Davies, M.P., seems to have rather queer notions about the merits of child labour.

He represents the Lancashire constituency of Royton, and is organising opposition to the Government's proposal to raise the school-leaving age to fifteen because he thinks it will be unpopular in the cotton industry.

There was opposition of a similar nature from employers when children were stopped working in mills as half-timers at the age of ten.

When Mr. Vernon Davies says that children going to a mill "improve physically and mentally," he is simply talking through his hat. Not even his experience as a factory surgeon for twenty years entitles such a statement to serious consideration.

The Stanley Hospital

In our issue of June 22, we stated that a grant of £100 was made by the Ministry of Health to the Stanley Hospital, Liverpool, for the maintenance of an anthrax bed.

It has been pointed out to us that this is not the case, and further that the statement made at a recent inquest, and to which we gave publicity—that no anti-anthrax serum was handy—was incorrect.

We gladly give publicity to these facts.

That lying jade

That the practice of suppressing details of police punishments is likely, as we said, to lead to unpleasant consequences is illustrated by the story of three Warwickshire officers.

News has leaked out that Superintendent T. Mighall and Inspector Turner have both been reduced to the rank of sergeant, and Police-Sergeant Wilmot to the rank of constable.

Mighall and Turner have twenty-three years' and twenty years' service respectively to their credit.

No public charge has been made against them, and various grossly exaggerated rumours are consequently afloat as to the gravity of the offences.

It is unfair that taxpayers should be left in the dark as to the true facts, and monstrous that officers of long service should be unduly stigmatised in consequence.

The houses they want

Sir J. Tudor Walters, M.P., who is a great authority on housing, declares that he can produce a scheme for building 100,000 cottages for agricultural labourers which can be economically let at 2s. 6d. a week. In addition, there would be a nice garden.

This is just the sort of house that is wanted in the rural areas, and the Minister of Agriculture should study the scheme.

Bruce should act

It is difficult to understand why Australia House persists in sponsoring emigration schemes.

Fifteen hundred men recently applied for fifty jobs in Melbourne. A newspaper in that city has opened a relief fund in aid of the destitute.

To make British unemployed travel 13,000 miles, only to find conditions as bad, if not worse, on the other side, is a ghastly joke.

Mr. S. M. Bruce, the Prime Minister of Australia, should, like the New Zealand Premier, issue a plain warning to the effect that emigrants are not wanted.

Not so speedy

A great deal of fuss is made by the authorities to the effect that people are not using the air mail service to India as they should.

But since the rate charged for letters is 7½d., with a difference, frequently, of only three days between air and sea times, and the cost of sending a letter by sea is 1½d., it is not surprising that people prefer to send letters by the cheaper route.

That reduced charges mean increased profits has always been a maxim of successful business men.

Imperial Airways might take the hint.

Angelic

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt from the "Angel of S.W.6"—so well known to our readers for her magnificent generosity—of £100 for children's holidays. All the money has already been allotted.

We wish the Angel would reveal her name, so that we could thank her in person.

A small-type secret

A lady collector has been making door-to-door appeals in the West London area, handing householders a printed slip headed "Summer Holidays for Poor Children."

The slip is drawn up in a manner that suggests that the appeal is an official one, made with the sanction of the "London Borough Councils."

This, we fear, is mere eyewash, for in small type at the foot of the slip we read: "West End office, 30, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.1."

This is the address of the Westminster Charities Committee—an organisation which we have often exposed.

Able-bodied invalids

Nearly 1,100 ratings were invalided from the Royal Navy during 1928. In 130 cases only was the invaliding disability accepted as attributable to service, and yet in the House of Commons recently the Government reiterated its refusal to allow the men concerned a right of appeal to an independent tribunal.

Can it be that the Government fears that the decisions of such an independent body might show up the inefficiency of medical officers who passed unfit men as perfectly fit to serve?

What would happen?

The British-Italian telephone service has now been in operation for a month.

We had occasion, the other day, to put through a call, and wanted a Roman directory. The Post Office didn't have one, and informed us that enquiries for numbers must be referred to Italy!

We sent our message by Marconigram, not having time to waste.

Director of intelligence

Extract from the evidence, at the Select Committee on Publications and Debates Reports, of Mr. W. R. Codling, C.B., C.V.O., C.B.E.:

"JOHN BULL has been mentioned twice; do all departments receive copies of JOHN BULL?—No, not necessarily. As a matter of fact, the only copy for the Admiralty goes to the Director of Naval Intelligence."

Other than Intelligence Departments buy something else, turn over, and go to sleep again.

Barracks flats

A survey, we learn, is being made of public buildings which are no longer in use as such, with a view to utilising those that are suitable for the temporary rehousing of families from slum areas.

Many of these buildings can easily be made into temporary flats and thus help to overcome the greatest obstacle to rebuilding bad areas.

In London alone such buildings could house many hundreds of families.

He ordered them to convict

A word in time

Factory workers, where dangerous machinery is not properly guarded, should be interested in two cases which came before the Court of Appeal recently.

In one, a poor fellow died as the result of his clothes becoming entangled in overhead shafting, while, in the other, a man was severely injured by a shaft which was completely unfenced.

In the latter case, after the owner of the premises was summoned under the Factory Act, the magistrates dismissed the charge.

Lord Hewart, however, in the Appeal Court, ordered them to convict, and stated that the Legislature, faced as it was with a long history of deaths and injuries through such accidents, must leave no loophole for offenders.

Factory owners will do well to take a hint from this very important, and very proper, judgment.

What would you do?

"Thank the Lord—and thank JOHN BULL!" Mr. John Johnson, 1, Park Street, Tyldesley, near Manchester, said it feelingly—and meant it.

He won a half-share in our Crossword Competition No. 20, and to a collier who has been on "short time" for two years, the £250 cheque will be a first-class ticket to security.

"Now," he says, "I can give my little son the education my wife and I have always dreamed about. . . . We can be sure that he'll have a really good start in life."

"The education I have dreamed about"

Silver-haired Mrs. L. Bartlett, of Oakwood, Midhurst, Sussex, gets the other £250. She says: "I shall put the money away, because it's never too late to think of a rainy day."

This week's £500 puzzle is on page 32. Go to it—and then start thinking about what *you* would do.

On the parish now

When the recent Milfraen Colliery explosion occurred, the Blaenavon miners showed splendid heroism by crawling back to their entombed comrades, in the face of explosive damp-gas, in an endeavour to rescue them.

Those Blaenavon heroes have been forced through the closing of the pit to apply for parish relief. We hope that the National Fund which the Abergavenny Board of Guardians proposes to start on their behalf will meet with generous support.

Send along your mite.

Their misery cure

It is difficult to comprehend the mentality of the Bournemouth magistrates.

Recently a married man, owing to worry, attempted to end his troubles by turning on the gas in his bedroom. He was saved in the nick of time and taken to hospital.

The man promised the magistrates to reform and asked them to deal leniently with him. But the Bench sentenced him to two months' imprisonment.

Prison is hardly calculated to make him look on the bright side of things.

Shipwrecked

About eight months ago, the s.s. *Braddovey*, a Cardiff-owned vessel, lost her rudder, 500 miles off Bermuda. The British crew rigged a jury-rudder and brought the vessel safely to port through a titanic struggle.

The other day this same vessel sailed from Barry with a native crew.

"I consider it an insult to the boys who saved the ship," writes one of the erstwhile heroes, while a shipmate says simply, but pathetically, "I am on the beach, out of a job."

Rule Britannia!

In other words

Frodsham's Motor Works, College Road, Blundellsands, Lancashire, which advertise for a "smart ex-Service man, with pension preferred, for washing cars, etc.; wages £1 a week," ought to be ashamed of themselves for offering such a paltry wage.

The words "pension preferred" strike an unpleasant note. They mean, bluntly: "We want to derive benefit from our employee's sacrifice."

Alluring bunkum

"Alluring possibilities" are offered by G. Nelson and Company, Fulham Road, if you care to take up letter-writing for the firm.

Providing you pay a preliminary fee of £1 19s. 6d. for tuition, there is no reason why, according to Mr. G. Nelson, you should not earn anything from 2s. 3d. to 12s. an hour.

We suggest that readers should not take advantage of Mr. Nelson's optimism. He is just a fee-snatcher.

Compton Mackenzie unmasks

The Plot against the B.B.C.

One of the masts which support 2 LO's aerial. "They" are all afraid of it, says Compton Mackenzie

The author knows a good deal about the B.B.C.—he's often before the microphone

THERE have been few days during the last year or so when one could pick up a newspaper and read something nice about the British Broadcasting Corporation. Rather has it been the reverse.

Generally speaking, the B.B.C. is seldom out of the newspapers, but always it is something distinctly nasty that we are told about the corporation and its activities.

Sometimes it is about the programmes, or sections of the programmes—in particular, perhaps, talks. At others, it is about the financial side of broadcasting, with comparisons between our system of licensing listeners and the way they do it in America by selling "time" to advertisers, who pass on the cost to their customers.

Again, it is about staff resignations from the B.B.C., with all sorts of innuendoes that funny things are happening behind the scenes at Savoy Hill.

Looking back over the last few years, this attitude of direct hostility by the Press towards broadcasting has always been with us.

At one time it was confined to spasmodic attacks by the daily papers, and was probably due originally to the want of a sensational story. Now it has developed until it includes not only those publications which profess to supply us with our news, but all sorts of periodicals, ranging from weekly humorous journals to papers claiming the respect of thinking people.

What does it all mean?

Why, you will ask, is anybody antagonistic to broadcasting as it is controlled here to-day? Is the B.B.C. constitutionally incapable of doing anything as it should be done? Are the governors a set of complete fools and the officials and staff fitted to do nothing better than draw the "dole"?

Surely there must be answers to these questions, and the sooner somebody supplies them the better for all concerned.

Personally, I think these answers should come from listeners and not through any Committee of Enquiry, such as some newspapers have been screeching for.

Losing their grip

UNTIL now we have heard, or seen, only one side of the matter, and that is the side of the Press. We know that broadcasting has its opponents, but do we realise what they are after and how they hope to attain their ends? I am sure that most people are oblivious to what is going on.

The truth is that certain powerful interests—I will not mention names—are out to wrest the control of broadcasting from its present stable and well-defined authority. They want it in their own hands, and they want it because broadcasting is likely to become pre-eminently more powerful than any other means of dissemination.

Insularity died with the coming of the spoken word that could be heard by ten million persons at the same time, and it is just that which has shown the big newspaper men how their ability to sway public opinion is fast slipping away.

They howl that the B.B.C. has a monopoly, but that is where they try to fog the real issue. The B.B.C. has the monopoly to broadcast, but it has killed the monopoly of the Press to think for the people.

That is why the B.B.C. is always wrong. It is wrong, because through its music, its talks, its lectures and debates, the public is unconsciously absorbing a new outlook on life and the things that matter, and is able to visualise for itself the true value of newspaper opinions.

Broadcasting will never seriously interfere with the commercial activities of the Press. It could not, even if it wanted, so long as advertising is kept from the programmes; but that is not what the Press is afraid of.

Think about it, and you will say that I am correct. What else can it be?

Out for blood

NO, some newspapers do not want to see the B.B.C. reorganised, even if that were desirable in the interests of listeners. They are out to kill the B.B.C. as at present constituted, and nothing less will satisfy them.

All the articles on broadcasting on piffling points which we read are of so much concern to the public are sheer eye-wash. They are red herrings drawn across the trail to divert public opinion from the real intentions of the enemies of broadcasting.

There are, of course, other reasons why some interests heartily dislike the B.B.C.; but these are of secondary importance to lust for power. One I might mention concerns the space which all newspapers are compelled to devote every day to printing the broadcast programmes.

Do not run away with the idea that the newspapers like to assist their readers with this free daily information. They don't, any more than they are pleased to tell you about the horses in to-morrow's race fixture; but having started to give them they must continue.

The newspapers have never forgiven the B.B.C. for beating them on that point, and I doubt if they ever will. If they did there might be some cessation in the attacks.

Let us take a glance at the other side of the picture, and see how all these things affect the work of the B.B.C. How are the governors, the officials and the staff standing up to these mass attacks, and what does the ordinary listener think about them?

The policy of the B.B.C. has always been to let the public judge its success or otherwise. All it asked was a free hand to develop a service on which every listener can rely. It has always striven to give the best.

That is why no real opinion from anybody of outstanding importance in the world of science, music, art, or literature has ever been secured to back up the unjust attacks.

The tremendous power of the microphone has never yet been invoked to show up the ulterior motives of the enemies of broadcasting.

Had the B.B.C. chosen to use the full force of the weapons at its command, no one could have wondered or grumbled; but instead it chose to go on, taking kicks from all who liked to give them, relying on the ultimate factor of public opinion.

In adopting this course, the B.B.C. has acted wisely, and it is certain that all will come right in the end. Meanwhile, however, we must expect attacks to grow more and more ferocious until the interests concerned realise the futility of their actions, and that the public have properly rumbled their evil intentions.

I am certain that many people have already realised, as I have, what is behind all this business, but there are scores of thousands who have not. It is to these that I would say, "There is little wrong with the B.B.C."

All of us, excepting this "diehard" handful of newspaper proprietors, know quite well that broadcasting has brought untold blessings and pleasure to millions of people.

Deathless

THE B.B.C. cannot be killed at the bidding of vested interests, however strong those interests imagine themselves to be. Its work and development, however, can be affected and hampered; and this is what will happen so long as the true motives underlying these continuous attacks are not properly appreciated by the British public.

Some of the newspapers are under the impression that they are making things uncomfortable for the B.B.C. Actually, they are doing nothing of the kind. What they are doing is to make things uncomfortable for listeners and skilfully transferring the blame from Fleet Street to Savoy Hill.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The Crooks' New Shepherd

Ramsay's Latest Recruit—Lord Haig's Horse
Tea is Poison

Chief Constable ASHLEY,
Scotland Yard, London, S.W.

DEAR CHIEF CONSTABLE,—My heartiest congratulations to you on being promoted as chief of the Criminal Investigation Department.

I know a little about the inside workings of Scotland Yard. Nor has your reputation, not only for shrewdness in tracking down wrongdoers, but for moral integrity—no less valuable an asset these days—escaped me.

There is one characteristic I like about you. Many a young officer who has been commended for a smart bit of work has to thank you, not only for telling him what to do, but for bringing him under the notice of the proper authorities when he has done it.

You follow after a big man in Chief Constable Wensley, but it would be difficult to find anyone better suited than yourself for the job of Chief of the C.I.D. Since you have a strong aversion for publicity I shall say no more.

JOHN BULL.

H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES,
St. James's Palace, S.W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Already, as I write, our egregious pussyfoots and fussypots are declaiming against the Heir to the Throne having put his hand to brewing a mash of ale at Burton-on-Trent. Pray take no notice of them.

I well remember the outcry raised by the cranks of a former generation when your grandfather did the same thing.

The fact that you were able to sample some of that royal brew, now twenty-seven years old, proves its quality.

Meanwhile I trust that in other matters you will follow the example of participation in the life of his people set by Edward VII. Good health to you!

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Upper Brook Street, London, W.

DEAR BALDWIN,—I am not concerned here with the merits and demerits of what is called Empire Free Trade, but I am becoming a little uneasy at the frequent and high-handed crack of the whip from Conservative headquarters.

The strange thing is that the whip only cracks over the heads of comparatively lowly persons who incur official displeasure.

Mr. Churchill, Mr. Amery, Sir Henry Page Croft, and their like can preach any "heresy"; but folk like Sir Basil Peto and Sir John Ferguson are not allowed freedom of opinion.

I repeat, I don't like it.

JOHN BULL.

The EARL OF KINNOULL,
Regent's Park, N.W.

DEAR GEORGIE,—Whenever two or more of the bright young members of Society have kept watch together far into the night, you, if the reports in the papers are correct, have been one of the leading spirits.

Now I understand that you intend shaking the last drops from the last magnum of champagne and turning to higher things.

After prolonged reflection, you have announced that you intend joining the Socialist Party.

There is nothing to prevent you from doing so, and when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald recovers from the shock, I suggest that, in view of the industry and self-sacrifice with which you have studied the subject, he should create a new post for you as Chief Adviser on Night Clubs.

You will then be able to keep your in-laws within the law.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. GEORGE LANSBURY,
First Commissioner of Works

DEAR LANSBURY,—I am interested to see that the winning design for Lord Haig's statue, which is to be erected in Whitehall, has been submitted by Mr. A. F. Hardiman, a London sculptor, and approved by a board of artists.

The only criticisms that I have to make are that, judging by the photographs in the Press, it bears little resemblance to Lord Haig, and that the animal on which the illustrious general sits astride bears very little resemblance to any of the breeds with which I am familiar.

Incidentally, hasn't London already got too many "soldiers on horseback"? Surely the memory of so great a soldier could be perpetuated more worthily than by a piece of sculpture.

JOHN BULL.

Viscountess ASTOR, M.P.,
4, St. James's Square, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—On more than one occasion you have been the centre of uproar in the House of Commons which has been entirely of your own making.

I know that you are full of excellent intentions, but you must try to learn not to emulate the donkey when it sees a carrot, and indulge in the equivalent of its bray when beer is mentioned.

Try to preserve a better sense of proportion. JOHN BULL.

Professor W. E. DIXON, F.R.S.,
c/o British Association, Capetown

DEAR PROFESSOR,—The results of your bibulous researches, as imparted to the assembled savants of the "British Ass.," overwhelm me.

So beer is a soothing drink, while tea and coffee inflame the brain. Well! Well!

Perhaps this is so in your laboratory. But did you ever test your notions by watching the tea-shops and coffee taverns turn out on Saturday night; or reading how tea-swilling husbands, in their cups, beat their wives and cheerfully assault the police?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES MAXTON, M.P.,
House of Commons, S.W.

DEAR JAMES,—You were present last week at the opening sessions of the Anti-Imperialist Congress at Frankfurt.

You and the party to which you profess to belong were snubbed and rebuffed. And in every speech it was but thinly disguised that the true aims of this body are anti-British.

I invite you to ponder afresh whether you can be happy or intellectually honest in this foreign faction.

JOHN BULL.

Captain ZIEGENBEIN,
S.S. "Bremen"

HERR KAPITAN,—Allow me, as representing the spirit of the British nation, to offer you congratulations on your achievement in lowering the Transatlantic record by nearly nine hours.

We have long held the blue riband of the Atlantic, and we make no secret of our determination to recover that distinction if possible.

But in this form of marine rivalry there is room for the friendship which, forgetting old animosities, will do much for the cause of peace and the advancement of civilisation.

"Here's health!" or, as you would say, "Prosit!" JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. MACLAREN, M.P.: "It's an easy thing when you are not on the Front Bench on the Government side to be fiercely critical."

And terribly easy when you are there to forget what you said when not.

* * *

MRS. INGE: "Bishops and deans are the only men who still keep to the beautiful old seventeenth-century dress."

We should not object to that if so many of them did not still keep to the beautiful old seventeenth-century ideas.

* * *

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY: "I think the world wants Greek in the fullest sense more to-day than ever it did."

What many people want more than Greek, in the fullest sense, is grub.

* * *

MR. H. G. WELLS: "The lip service paid to Peace is astounding, but among the olive-branches the bayonet still gleams."

And submarines among the seaweed.

* * *

THE PRIME MINISTER: "The great thing which is wanted in the world to-day is the capacity of different nations to put themselves in each other's shoes."

Unfortunately, most of the different nations appear to be too busily engaged putting themselves in each other's pockets.

NOT from 2LO— *—Sir William Prescott and Chorus*

A WET KNIGHT

I AM a knight and a major bold
And an eminent C.B.E.,
And if you want water, hot or cold,
You have to apply to me.
And what you ask for you'll probably get—
As long as the weather is nice and wet!

Chorus:
To which remarks we vouchsafe "Hear, hears,"
For we are the Water Engineers.

But when the weather is dry and hot
And your gardens are hot and dry,
I may advise you to "Go to pot!"
When you for the stuff apply.
A word from me and no water flows
Through any suburban garden hose!

Chorus:
And when he gives the word, three cheers
Come forth from the Watery Engineers!

You mayn't know me by name, ladies and gentlemen (under which courtesy titles I include such notorious miscreants as amateur gardeners and owner-drivers), but you have felt my power.

For I am Major Sir William Prescott, C.B.E., R.E., the famous dry-goods merchant—in other words, chairman of the Metropolitan Water Board—but I speak for every water board in the land.

Some people suggest that during the rainy season I and my engineers should devote our energies to storing water for use in periods of drought. But we are opposed to such miserly tactics.

After all, it is much easier to turn off taps in summer than to build reservoirs in winter, and we have always favoured the line of least assistance—er—I mean resistance.

Many consumers who have paid garden rates are now complaining because they cannot water their gardens; but why blame us? Brass bands throughout the country have been playing for rain, but they have done their work so inefficiently that the weather remains dry.

So it is obvious that complaints should be addressed, not to the chairman of the Metropolitan Water Board, but to the Federation of Trombonists and Euphoniumeers.

After all, the Board's chief duty is not to provide water, but to see that every householder pays through the nose for what comes through his garden hose.

Anyway, I for one will refuse to give way to paroxysms of grief, even if a few thousand aspidistras die of thirst.

When I hear people complaining about not having enough water, I confess to being no less puzzled than was Marie Antoinette when told that the people of Paris were angry because they were without bread. "Why don't they eat cake?" she enquired.

And I, in my turn, can only ask: "Why don't they use beer?"

It is always easy to criticise, but our critics fail to realise what a knotty problem we have to deal with:

When the rain it raineth ev'ry day
We really try to do our bit,
In our effete, official way.
To make the very best of it.

Yet through our hands the water flows
Determined our designs to bilk;
We can't imagine where it goes
Unless it gets into the milk!

"You do not care," some critics bray,
"And all your science is a sham!"
But others (more correctly) say:
"You simply do not give a 'dam'!"

Weekly Informations— *—from Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS*

CHARLIE CHAPLIN Competition Ramp

The most famous clown in history—his make-up was exploited by the Morgans

SINCE I began enquiring into various "highest award" mail-order competitions I have received numerous complaints concerning a bold scheme run by "Morbros and Company, Ltd., incorporating The Holborn Warehouse, Ltd."

Using addresses at 84, Gray's Inn Road and 63, High Holborn, London, W.C., Morbros and Company, Ltd., owes its rather unusual name to the fact that the sole directors are two brothers named William and Augustus Morgan.

The brothers started by advertising a prize competition, which they called "Spot the Twins," and in which they took clever advantage of the world-wide popularity of that famous comedian, Charlie Chaplin.

Their advertisements contain twelve sketches of Charlie Chaplin in his familiar make-up, which in themselves were sufficient to attract a reader's attention.

Two of these sketches were identical, while the others varied very slightly in details of dress.

Spotting those twins

All that competitors were required to do in order to enter the competition was to "spot the twins." I venture to suggest that a child of seven would have found the task perfectly simple.

The advertisements stated that the first prize would be £200 and would go to the first competitor gaining an award of 500 marks, provided certain "simple rules" were obeyed.

The principal rule announced that those who successfully spotted the twins would be sent a copy of Morbros and Company's catalogue and "asked" to make a small purchase.

"Spot the Twins" became immensely popular, and people in all parts of the country received a circular letter awarding them 400 points, "the highest number obtainable" at this stage of the competition.

They then found, however, that in order to qualify for a further seventy points it was essential to consult the accompanying catalogue and despatch an order of at least £1 in value.

One and all were told that as soon as their order was received their entry would go before the judges, who would award the remaining thirty points.

Poor dupes

I should like to give a few typical examples of the many complaints which have reached me regarding this competition—from poor people who sent their money only because they earnestly believed they stood an excellent chance of winning £200.

An Edinburgh lady writes: "I sent them £1 1s. 3d. . . . It was the expectation of a prize which induced me to do this, as I did not really require the goods, neither could I afford the money for them.

"I have, however, received no goods, and as a whole month is rather an unreasonable time to wait, I think I am a victim."

A Derby reader sent £1 17s. 4d. in order to "qualify," but apart from receiving a postcard acknowledging the money, he had up to the date of writing heard no more.

I have before me a large number of similar complaints, and my Investigation Department has discovered that not only have endless enquiries been made at both the addresses by dissatisfied competitors, but that latterly the police have received four or five complaints every day about the non-delivery of goods for which competitors have already paid.

Two other very interesting discoveries have been made.

One is that Mr. Chaplin objects most strongly to the use which has been made of his name and features, particularly as he has made it a rule never to permit his name or picture to be used except in the cause of charity.

Although the address in High Holborn has been used recently, the brothers Morgan have been gone from there for months.

Anxious enquirers continue to call there almost daily, however, and they are advised to report their complaints to the Gray's Inn Road Police Station, near by.

• • •

In regard to the competition run by Sterling Textiles, Ltd., of 59/62, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., I have received letters from disappointed readers which make my blood boil.

One is from a crippled reader who borrowed £1 from her baker to "qualify." Like so many others, she was misled into believing that she was sure to win a prize. Now she is unable to pay back the borrowed £1.

She had hoped to square up all her debts when the hoped-for prize-money came to hand, but has only plunged herself into further difficulties. Her husband is on the parish!

Another heartrending letter relates to Ellmarc Textiles, of 7/8, Southampton Buildings, London, whose business has now been acquired by Sterling Textiles.

Supt. Savage of Scotland Yard. His staff is inundated with complaints about the Morgans

It comes from a widow depending upon daily work at a farm. She saved 10s. and borrowed a further 10s. from her employer.

It is cruel

"I could not afford to qualify," she writes, "but on hearing of my great success in winning such a handsome prize I was then willing to try with the knowledge of paying back my loan. . . . I did not require the goods."

It was, unhappily, the expectation of a prize that induced everyone to send in their qualifying orders.

The cruelty of raising such false hopes is excelled when I say that even readers who have sent in different solutions have received the highest award "for accuracy"!

A Sweet Little Slough of Despond

TO-DAY we add another to our series of lurid cases which prove how urgently British company law needs revision. It is, perhaps, the gem of the collection.

Mr. William Graham, President of the Board of Trade, should not only read it, but also prepare legislation to make the repetition of such financial adventures impossible.

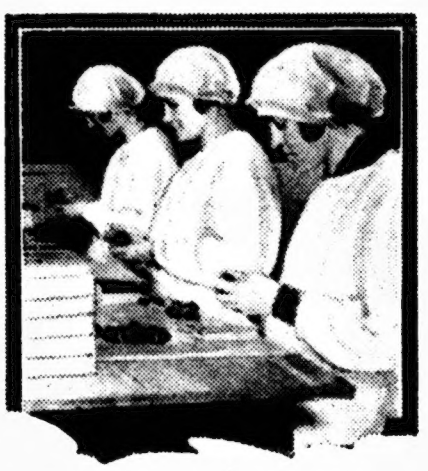
A few months ago Mr. Sydney Cleveland Anschell, an American, reputed to be a dollar millionaire, came to England with the idea of adding to his fortune by the outlay of twenty shillings.

He spent that pound on buying a single share in a company which he launched and called Anschell, Ltd. Of course, more capital than this was necessary. He obtained it by persuading his solicitor also to invest a pound.

Mounted on his £2 company, Anschell rode fearlessly into the realm of credit.

His addresses were good—a palatial flat at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, and a country house at Maidenhead—and he was armed with unimpeachable references from bankers.

First, he leased a large factory on the Slough Trading Estate. Then he engaged a secretarial and operative staff, and installed machinery which, we find, he had ordered before floating his comedy company, but for which it has become liable to the extent of more than £1,500.



Packing sweets—not "Chests o' Gold"—in a reputable factory

Also he arranged that the company should pay him a salary of £20 weekly and buy him a nice new motor-car.

Anschell's declared intention was to manufacture sweets. So he gave orders for large quantities of treacle, sugar, and the other materials.

But, apparently, as he was getting so much for nothing, he decided to give the public something for nothing. He designed an artistic carton, styled it the "Chest o' Gold," and had it produced in great quantities by another trusting firm.

Into each "Chest o' Gold" he packed with the sweets a cheap jewellery novelty. Hundreds of pounds' worth of these necklaces, brooches and the like were obtained from a German manufacturer.

Somehow the public did not find Anschell's credit-made toffee to its taste. During the few weeks the Slough factory was open the floor space became a litter of unwanted "Chests o' Gold."

His gamble with £2 having failed, Anschell had no choice but liquidation.

A curious fact which we have unearthed during our enquiry is that on the day this decision was reached the company actually gave an order for printed matter—a transaction for which Anschell ought certainly to be brought to task.

The creditors' inquest has been held—among them are many small tradesmen in the Slough and Windsor districts—and Anschell blandly excused his shortcomings by saying that, being an American, he was unacquainted with British company and legal procedure.

Anschell knew, however, where a coach and four could be driven through our company law. With consummate impudence he has even had included a personal cash claim for £3,000 in the £5,760 liabilities he incurred for the rotten company.

We shall be happy to supply Anschell with a list of the immediate steamer sailings to New York.

CATTERICK MURDER —Startling new facts

Private Arthur Raveney

Mr. Justice MacKinnon sentenced Raveney to death

The condemned man's comrades in the Tank Corps were just such young soldiers as these

SENTENCE of death has been passed upon Private Arthur Raveney, of the 4th Battalion Royal Tank Corps, for the murder, near Catterick Camp, Yorkshire, of Private Leslie White, who was a military policeman.

At York Assizes, when Raveney was asked if he challenged the sentence passed by Mr. Justice MacKinnon, he replied, "There are certain points that want going into farther."

Without in any way criticising the most fair and restrained presentation of the case against Raveney by Mr. C. F. Lowenthal, K.C., the counsel briefed by the Director of Public Prosecutions, we endorse this condemned soldier's last public statement.

We have obtained certain information which was not available to the judge, jury or counsel, and which we earnestly ask Mr. J. R. Clynes, the Home Secretary, to consider when the papers relating to the possibility of a reprieve are laid before him.

Raveney, who was twenty-four, recently married, belonging to Hounslow, Middlesex, absented himself from camp, and was taken into custody a few miles away by a civil policeman.

A military escort, consisting of a sergeant and Private White, was sent to take him back to camp in a motor box-van. The sergeant sat beside the driver on the journey.

Suddenly a shot was heard, and when the tender was stopped, White lay inside the vehicle dying from a bullet-wound, and Raveney was running away across the countryside.

Enemies

There had, certainly, been some animosity between Raveney and White. It was disclosed at the trial that, referring to White in conversation with another soldier, Raveney once muttered, "I'll have him before long."

But how many soldiers who have been in conflict with a military policeman can declare that they have never, in a moment of anger, used a similar or stronger remark when discussing personalities in the barrack-room?

We would direct the Home Secretary's special attention to the fact that it was utterly impossible for Raveney to have been away from his quarters with a revolver if the regulations of Catterick Camp were being enforced.

All revolvers are locked in a rack in the barrack-room in which their owners sleep. During parade hours the rack key is kept in the company office.

At the end of the day's work it is carried on his person by an orderly, who must not leave the room without being relieved.

A revolver could not possibly have been removed without this orderly's knowledge. Each time a weapon is handed out the fact must be entered upon an official sheet and the purpose of its issue recorded.

If Raveney did leave camp with a revolver, his superiors must have been aware of the fact, so thorough is the supervision and checking of arms. It is the duty of the battalion orderly officer and orderly sergeant to check all revolvers each night, during their tour of duty, and a report must be made that they have done so.

Were they warned?

Presumably, therefore, if a revolver was missing when Raveney disappeared, the escort which was sent to fetch him would have been informed that he might be armed.

We will show that the opposite was the case.

If anything can establish the fact that Raveney was not carrying a revolver, it is what happened at the police-station to which he was taken.

He was asked to empty his pockets and did so. The policeman afterwards put his hands in the pockets of the soldier's overcoat and ran them over the pockets of his other garments.

There was no revolver there.

Now, police witnesses suggested at his trial that Raveney kept the revolver concealed beneath his armpit when searched at the station.

With all deference to the village constable, we say that a more absurd theory has never been advanced in a murder trial.

From the moment he was arrested, Raveney was under the observation of the policeman.

Raveney emptied his pockets himself. He took a wallet from the breast-pocket of his tunic, books from the pockets, and money from the trousers pockets, and laid the articles on a desk.

It is physically impossible for a person to perform these actions with a massive Service revolver weighing, loaded, 2 lb. 10 oz., gripped in the armpit, without attracting attention to the awkwardness of his movements.

A Service revolver is 11½ in. long and has an extreme depth of 6 in. It cannot be concealed in the armpit.

A sergeant was sent to escort the prisoner, but he preferred to ride outside, screened from his charge, and leaving White and Raveney, between whom some enmity was known to exist, together and alone.

If the sergeant had been with his prisoner, the tragedy, however it happened, could not have occurred.

Raveney's version of the fatal event is that, becoming cramped, he shifted his position.

White told him to keep still. He replied: "Are you frightened I'm going to bolt? Because, if so, I could have done it long ago."

A moment later—so his evidence ran—he saw a revolver in White's trembling hand, and the escort said, "If you try that, you have some of this coming to you."

Raveney added that he seized White's right hand, and gripped the barrel of the weapon with his left hand to turn it away from himself. At the height of the scuffle, the van swayed at a road-bend, and the revolver went off.

All that can be said on this point is that before White left camp he had notice that Raveney was the prisoner he was going to escort.

Raveney also declared that he told three people, including a Crown witness, that he wakened during the night before he left camp and found White at the head of his bed.

Again, the regulations of Catterick Camp are such that Raveney could not have obtained a supply of ammunition. All ammunition is kept securely locked in a magazine at the north end of the guard-room.

This magazine cannot be entered except by the guard commander and the quartermaster, each of whom has a different type of key fitting the outer and inner doors respectively.

Ammunition for shooting practice is checked in and out, and an empty case must be returned for each live round issued and not brought back.

Could White have been in possession of revolver and ammunition?

Appoint a court

The only answer which can be given is that he had a better opportunity than Raveney, as forty-eight rounds are kept in the guard-room, adjoining which the regimental police sleep.

The Home Secretary may wish to have confirmation of the new information which we here produce. Let him ask the War Office to appoint a Court of Enquiry into the Catterick Camp regulations and await its report before he consults the King.

We are confident that the result must be at least reprieve.

"I shall look round . . ."

DON'T ENVY— *follow her example*

A TELEGRAM brought wonderful news a few days ago to 41, Sinclair Road, London, W.

It told Miss E. N. Snelson that her *Bullet*—"To the Sea—Briton Takes—Britain Gives"—had won for her the great first prize of £3,000 in competition No. 721.

• • •

Miss Snelson is an alert, grey-haired little woman, who works at the Queen's Hotel, Westcliff. But this London address is her home, which she shares with her mother and sister.

"I could scarcely credit the good news when the telegram came," she said, "so I immediately telephoned through to JOHN BULL for confirmation. The news of my good fortune spread quickly round the hotel, and congratulations were showered upon me by the guests and members of the staff."

Miss Snelson has been competing in *Bullets* for the past year or two with only minor success; but the arrival of a "Target" prize on the eve of the £3,000 closing date prompted her to add an extra entry.

It was, therefore, a last-minute thought entered on a free coupon which proved to be the winning Bullet.

Typical of her kindly good nature, Miss Snelson's first thought for disposing of the prize-money was to improve her mother's health by a really good holiday.

"Later on, perhaps," she said, "I shall look round for a nice little restaurant in some seaside resort, and run it according to my own ideas."

• • •

Having awarded one four-figure prize, JOHN BULL now offers another, this time a record August First of £1,600.

Every week *Bullets* is bringing somebody's dream castle down to earth. Turn to page 35 and yours may be the next.

THE FATE of FOURTEEN

A Holiday in the Gutter

FOURTEEN people have just been evicted from tenement houses in Low Street, Sunderland. Their eviction was carried out perfectly legally. But the tragedy of their lot is just as poignant as if they had been bundled into the street without authority.

They were poor people, who found life a bitter struggle. The rooms they made shift to live in were mean and squalid, but they were "home."

But it doesn't matter how poor you are or how wretched the surroundings in which you are forced to make your home, rent must be paid to the landlord for the meanest accommodation.

And if you cannot pay that rent, then you may be thrown out into the street. That's the law.

In this case the law was administered with drastic harshness. Here are some stories of its victims.

Take the case of Mrs. King, who is sixty years of age. At the time of her eviction her husband lay ill in hospital. She could not pay her rent.

Heartbroken old age

And what remonstrance could an elderly woman make against the representatives of the law who threw her few household treasures into the street and hustled her out after them?

Heartbroken and bewildered, she found herself jostled by the throng of curious bystanders. In the turmoil of the moment she was robbed of the few shillings of parish relief that remained in her purse.

Consider, next, the tale of Mrs. Coates, a mother with five children, whose husband was away from Sunderland searching for work when the bailiffs arrived.

Mrs. Coates was also absent from her home, and when, on her return, she saw a crowd surging round her door, she first thought that her baby boy had met with an accident.

She fought her way through the throng, to find all her crockery, furniture and household utensils piled in the gutter.

Her little children—three of them are under six—were running about in bewildered despair. But she could do nothing to save her home.

Amongst the fourteen evicted tenants, only one was a man. Nine were children. They were thrust into the street at 2.30 p.m. It was close on midnight before they had all found a place to sleep.

A report of the eviction, however, reached the Mayor of Sunderland, who visited Low Street with the local Medical Officer of Health, to investigate the matter.

As a result, lodgings were found for the homeless victims with neighbours and elsewhere, while their battered household goods were stored temporarily in a basement.

To what end?

What is to be the end of this tragedy?

These poor folk and their little ones will have to be helped. Of course, it will fall to the local authorities to help them.

Would it not have been saner to have given sympathetic consideration to their individual necessities before instead of after their eviction?

In any case, it is a blot on civilisation that such premises should be allowed to exist.

A kiddie victim. Now he hasn't any home

Low Street, cluttered up with the evicted folk's household goods

Enquiry reveals that the landlord of this Low Street slum is a man named Moses Herman, well known to the Sunderland police for his money-lending transactions.

His doubtful reputation both as a moneylender and property-owner extends over a number of years. As far back as 1916 he was fined for letting certain property after a closing order had been made.

On another occasion Mr. Justice Astbury declared that he could not believe a word Herman said.

When he applied for a licence last year under the Moneylenders' Act the magistrates wisely refused to grant it; but Herman had the impudence to appeal against their decision.

When this appeal was heard at the Sunderland Quarter Sessions an overwhelming mass of evidence was brought forward to reveal his true character, and the case was promptly dismissed.

A Sunderland town councillor, asked for his opinion, declared that it would be "a terrible business to grant Herman a licence, and I cannot conceive that magistrates with any local knowledge at all would ever dream of granting him one."

A police officer who gave evidence described Herman's premises as "the only shop in the town where people have alleged that they have been tricked and duped."

An example of Herman's moneylending methods was revealed in a case where he prosecuted a miner who had taken a coat from his shop.

In revenge

It was proved in court that the man had borrowed £2 from Herman, and subsequently received a circular offering him a £10 loan.

He went to enquire about it, and was told that he could have the £10 provided he paid back the original loan with the appropriate interest.

Herman gave the miner an unsigned cheque, and, thinking he had been tricked, the man took the coat out of revenge.

The magistrates on this occasion described Herman's conduct as a piece of "very sharp practice"; and, in letting off the miner with a small fine, they cautioned him to keep out of Herman's way in the future.

In yet another instance Herman flouted the law by holding a borrower's pension papers as security.

When approached by the police he at first denied that the documents were in his possession. But eventually he was forced to hand them over, and was fined £10 into the bargain.

Thwarted in Sunderland, Herman followed the example of so many shady Shylocks and crossed to Ireland, where he has since operated from Castle Chambers, in Castle Street, Dublin.

Although the evicted families are cruelly placed, they can at least congratulate themselves upon being free from so undesirable a landlord!

A CURIOUS CHEMIST

and his cures

"Are the whites of your eyes clear?" he asks

"LET Nature Cure You" is the advertising slogan of a London naturopath who invites sufferers to send for a free copy of his booklet "Back to Health."

He is Mr. Albemarle Walter Scott, of 2, Alexandra Road, London, N.W., and he variously describes himself as "an analytical and biological chemist," a "nature therapeutist," a "biochemist," and a "dietitian." Sometimes he appends the initials "C.D." after his name, and sometimes "C.D. Lond." What these letters stand for we cannot tell you.

Mr. Albemarle Walter Scott is perfectly willing to treat sufferers by post. One page of his free booklet "Back to Health" is laid out as a "Consultation Form."

Asthma, anæmia, bronchitis, catarrh, consumption, deafness, diabetes, epilepsy, neuritis, rheumatism and rupture figure on the long list of ailments specified on this form.

It contains, too, a variety of such questions as "Are the whites of your eyes clear?" or "Do you fear anything, such as disease, failure, crowds?"

Mr. Albemarle Walter Scott makes it very clear that his own confidence in his power is unbounded.

* * *

"By fully answering all the questions," he declares, "I am able to undertake cases by correspondence with equal success as if there had been a personal consultation."

This is a claim which no responsible and qualified medical practitioner would ever make. So it is interesting to ascertain what Mr. Albemarle Walter Scott's own qualifications happen to be.

He himself volunteers the fact that he abandoned his vocation as an analytical chemist in 1900 to "practise professionally the natural methods of healing" he had "discovered." He also asserts that since then he has guided thousands of chronically ailing men and women back to a happy state of fitness and usefulness.

* * *

We should be happy to learn where Mr. Albemarle Walter Scott was actually practising in 1900. Official records tell us that he did not qualify as a chemist, in accordance with the requirements of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain, until eleven years later.

But whatever skill he may possess as a chemist, he is on dangerous ground in setting up as a postal practitioner and undertaking to treat patients whom he has never seen simply on their own descriptions of their "symptoms."

FORCE OF HABIT—The Hustler:
"Packet of Player's, Please!"

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At the gate of a NEW INFERNO

A prophecy by A. G. GARDINER

The civilian is M. Painleve, France's War Minister. He knows about this war

Marshal Petain, wise old warrior, a bulwark of French defence

THIS week-end is a time of the most tragic memories in history. Fifteen years ago today all Europe was plunging into the Great War, and on Sunday we commemorate our own descent into the inferno.

More than four years later the world emerged from that inferno, leaving nearly ten millions of its young manhood slain.

What of the inferno? Was it finally extinguished by that enormous sacrifice, or is it only left latent and smoldering, ready to make another holocaust of the world's bravest and best?

No confident answer to this question is possible. The issue is still trembling in the balance.

On the one side we can point to the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact as giving the assurance that the youth of Europe did not perish in vain and that the spirit of war is finally vanquished.

But against this assurance we have to put the ominous fact that to-day, fifteen years after the great catastrophe began, Europe is more heavily armed than when the ultimatums expired in 1914.

France's burden

France is to-day by far the most heavily armed nation in the world. Her military supremacy in Europe is greater than that of Germany in 1914, greater than that of Napoleon at his zenith.

Her peace-time establishment is colossal, and her war strength, after a mobilisation period of three weeks, is nearly 2¾ millions of men.

Her power in the air is unrivalled, and in submarines she is equally supreme, while her military budget appropriation—for instance, the budget of 1927 allowed £40,000,000 for the army alone—transcend any previous record.

What does it all mean? What is the fear at the back of this enormous sacrifice? For no one supposes that M. Poincaré could put this crushing burden on his people without the argument of a great fear to give him warrant.

If you ask who are France's potential enemies—enemies who give her any reasonable ground for anxiety—you must eliminate (1) Britain, with whom she has no conceivable quarrel; (2) Germany, which is disarmed by the Treaty of Versailles; (3) Russia, which is too remote to attack or be attacked; (4) Japan, for the same reason; (5) the United States, ditto.

There remains Italy, and it is impossible to resist the conclusion that behind the façade of fear of Germany the military preparations of France are directed against her southern neighbour.

The danger-zone for her is no longer the Rhine, but the Mediterranean. The Kaiser is vanquished, but Mussolini has assumed his rôle as the disturber of the Gallic peace.

If France is alarmed, we cannot say that she is alarmed without cause. Not even the Kaiser in the days of his most indisputable strength rattled the sabre more noisily than Mussolini has done.

He has never concealed his scorn of the League of Nations and of the idea of peace, and has preached the Gospel of Italian Imperialism with an aggressive truculence that has shocked the world.

He wants aeroplanes to be built in numbers that will darken the sun at midday, and dreams of something like the revival of the ancient Roman Empire.

Italy must have new territory for expansion, and his eye looks darkly beyond Ventimiglia to that portion of the French Riviera that Italy ceded to France in 1860, and across the Mediterranean to the North African possessions of France.

His conception of the Mediterranean is that of an Italian lake, and he sees himself as the strong man of Europe who gets what he wants by the vehemence of his demands and the fear of others to resist him lest he bring the whole structure of peace about their ears.

Mussolini—sabre-rattler. In the map France's territory and her Allies' is one shade—Italy's another

The very extravagance of his dictatorship compels him to toy with the idea of war as the means of diverting attack from within and putting the seal on his power by a dazzling triumph for Italian arms.

And apart from Mussolini's personal ambitions, the very necessities of Italy's constantly expanding population create a situation that is full of menace.

This pressure of population has been increased, not only by Mussolini's cry for more children, but by the action of the United States in restricting immigration, which has practically closed the most profitable field for Italy's surplus millions.

Meanwhile, Italians continue to pour into Tunis and Savoy and other French possessions.

It is not to be marvelled at that M. Poincaré and the French Government see in all this the threat of an inevitable war which is to decide whether France or Italy is to be paramount in the Mediterranean.

Both Powers have progressed so far towards making war inevitable that they each have a plan of campaign.

Ten years on

The basic idea, founded on considerations of population and military preparedness, is that the crisis will be reached in 1938-41, when friction will become acute on the subject of Italian immigration to the French colonies, and when French stipulations concerning Italians living in French territory will lead to a rupture and Italian action "to protect their nationals."

The rival plans of campaign have leaked out in military quarters.

They include an Italian attack from Grenoble or the coast, with Nice, Marseilles and Toulon as the objectives, and a raid from Palermo in Tunis; while on the French side the strategy is to give ground in Tunis, and so keep the Italian forces pegged down there, to hold the coast or Grenoble attack, and to invade Italy viâ the Mont Cenis Pass, with Milan as the objective, while the Little Entente Powers strike at the Trentino.

It is not calculated that the war could be long, and the most instructed opinion outside the disputants is that France would have a complete victory in six or nine months.

But while this shadow hangs over Europe there can be no hope of peace or disarmament.

And should the war come, no one can foresee its repercussions, and no wisdom can limit its scope.

It would involve all Europe, and this country most inevitably. For the Mediterranean is vital to our existence, and a war for its practical control could not leave us disinterested.

We hold the keys of the Mediterranean at both the entrance and the exit—Gibraltar and the Suez—and our interests in the sea itself—for example, Malta and Egypt—could not permit us to play the rôle of mere spectators.

Before the lightnings

The time for the world to intervene in this great matter is not when the crash has come, but now when the storm is brewing and before the lightnings are released.

This is no mere domestic quarrel. It is the fate of Europe which is at stake. It is more; it is the fate of the white civilisation which is at stake.

Let the League of Nations and the signatories of the Kellogg Pact face the facts and call the halt before all the nations are swept once more into the inferno.

Millions in Smoke

by FRANK OWEN *(the youngest M.P.)*

THE people of Britain are burning in their grates to-day the wealth which could restore their country to the first place in the world's trade.

They are sending up their chimneys in black smoke the black gold which could pay the whole bill for the army of unemployed for a year.

Coal is the mineral on which the trade of Great Britain has been built. It is the foundation of the steel and iron industries, and the export of coal is the life-blood of South Wales.

Every year 40,000,000 tons of coal are burned in British fireside grates. That coal contains a thousand million gallons of oil and twelve hundred million cubic feet of gas. The whole of it goes up the chimney in black smoke.

It is estimated that £27,000,000 of wealth is wasted in this way.

The coal industry is staggering under the burden of high costs and low prices. There are 300,000 miners now out of work.

The first necessity of the industry is to find a new outlet for its products, for its old markets have largely disappeared.

At the same time, oil has taken the place of coal as the fuel for naval and merchant ships. And oil has to be imported to the value of £45,000,000 from foreign countries.

We are burning more than half that quantity in our own grates!

Now, after years of research and many failures, scientists have made it possible to extract oil out of coal at a price which can be brought below the foreign oil companies.

The Glenboig plant, which was opened on the edge of the distressed Lanark coalfield by Lord Elmley, is the first of a great chain of factories for the scientific handling of coal.

It employs 2,600 men, turns 700 tons of coal into 450 tons of smokeless fuel, extracts 20,000 gallons of oil and makes 20,000,000 cubic feet of gas in the process.

The success of the venture will bring new hope to the Lanark coalfield.

It may mean the rise of Britain to a new dominance in world affairs.

With the same camera!

This *long-shot* of Jean bowled out. And this *close-up* of Jean's dismay. Both taken with the same camera.

Out! The very first ball in the match bowled Jean. Oh Jean! And the worst of it was, that Margaret at that very instant got a lovely long-shot. And then Margaret did something else. She went quite near with her Portrait 'Brownie' and—just pressing the little trigger—she took a close-up of Jean. Jean's face with the sand and the salt on it! Jean pretending it wasn't fair that she'd been bowled first ball! That's the beauty of this new Portrait 'Brownie.' You can get long-shots and close-ups with it—close-ups which are real character studies—portraits which will almost seem to speak to you out of the distance, out of the past. Nothing to do, just come near and press the little trigger—and then you get your close-up.

Portrait 'BROWNIE'

SEVENTEEN AND SIXPENCE

The Miracle of the Jamboree

by E. Roffe Thompson

How they will greet the Prince at Arrowe Park

The Chief Scout : . . "his work is good"

IF I were asked to name the three men who in recent years have most profoundly influenced the world, I do not think I should have much hesitation in making my choice. I should cite President Wilson, General Booth, and Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

The League of Nations, the Salvation Army, and the Boy Scout Movement are all ideas from which there is no escape; they are all ideals towards which millions are looking; they are all influences which have guided and are guiding millions towards better things.

Scouts and news

Just now Sir Robert Baden-Powell and the Boy Scout Movement are "news" wherever human beings live, for on July 31 there gathered at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, 50,000 Scouts from all over the world for the greatest Coming-of-Age Party that has ever been held.

It is the greatest congregation of Scouts that has ever been seen. In its way it almost makes the League of Nations seem insignificant.

These Scouts include boys from England and the Colonies, from Germany, France, Austria, Spain and Portugal; they have come from Persia and Jugo-Slavia, Liberia and Armenia; from Greece and China and Japan. They have arrived from Iceland and they have come from Greenland.

There are American Scouts and there are Russian Scouts. They have trooped in from Hungary and from Denmark and from Sweden.

They are all there—practically every nationality in the world—a youthful League of Nations in actual being, an astounding example of what the simple idea of fellowship and good will can do to create international harmony and good will.

Looking at Arrowe Park, I should be tempted to describe Sir Robert Baden-Powell as the greatest of my three great men, for he has built a miracle out of a single idea.

In those dark days of 1914 there lived in Germany a man called Karl Liebknecht, a passionate advocate of youth, humanity and the sanity of peace.

He never tired of preaching that the world's salvation lay in the young. "He who has the youth has the future," he said.

He opposed the war, and he was assassinated by a fanatic. I wish he could have lived to see the Jamboree at Arrowe Park. There he would have seen the world of to-morrow growing up before his eyes, and he would have rejoiced as I rejoice.

International brotherhood is an old dream, almost as old as history; it has been left to Sir Robert Baden-Powell to show that it need be no idle dream.

These boys will see each other's points of view; they will look at things through each other's eyes. They will work together and play together in the spirit of harmony that is the keynote of the Scout Movement.

Such a spirit cannot help but result in permanent good to the world.

The Jesuits were wont to say that if they could have a child up to the age of seven they did not care who had him afterwards. They were completely confident in the lasting results of that early training. They also believed that "he who has the youth has the future."

If they were right, and I think they were, the Boy Scout Movement is one of the biggest things the world has ever seen. Its potentialities for good are limitless and incalculable.

When the youth of forty-two countries gather together to form friendships and associations, to learn first-hand that human beings are much the same whether their skins are white, black or yellow, and that though language differs, thoughts do not, there is ground for real hope as these boys grow to be men.

Their proud aim

"International brotherhood is the proud aim of these youngsters," says Mr. Hubert Martin, Director of the Boy Scouts International Bureau, "and their method of going about it is surely a revelation.

"It is based upon a common interest—scouting, with its code of self-sacrifice and duty, physical and moral fitness. In every corner of the globe where the movement has been established a truly Masonic spirit exists."

Was I not right in choosing Sir Robert Baden-Powell as one of the three great men of modern times?

It is, surely, a terrific achievement to have created in less than a quarter of a century a movement that can leap frontiers, ignore colour, overcome language and sink everything in the common cause.

It is clear proof that there is far more that unites mankind than separates it if it is only sought for and then encouraged.

I have met Boy Scouts in half the countries of Europe. They are always a joy to meet. They are an inspiration wherever you come across them. There is not a statesman in Europe who would not be the better for such meetings.

It's statesmanship!

I do not hesitate to call the Boy Scout Movement statesmanship of the most far-seeing kind. This League of the World's Youth will yet have an influence on the affairs of nations that even its founder cannot have foreseen.

We send our Foreign Minister to the League of Nations at Geneva, but the Prince of Wales has been specially asked by the King to go to the gathering at Arrowe Park.

And he will be more than a mere visitor, for he is Chief Scout of Wales, and he will sleep a night under canvas with his brother Scouts.

It is no less significant that almost at the same time that the Prince of Wales is fraternising with the world's Scouts, his brother, the Duke of York, will be in his annual Boys' Camp at Romney, on the coast of Kent.

Here hundreds of boys from public school and workshop meet every year to discover that class is no bar to friendship and understanding, and to lay the foundations of a harmony that will in the end exert a profound influence on our domestic affairs.

There can be no surer safeguard for future peace than to see that the younger generation get a broad outlook on life and a thorough understanding of "the other fellow's" point of view.

War is always a matter of misunderstanding, and the foundations of peace cannot be laid too soon.

"Denmark, Hungary, Spain, Germany," says Mr. Martin, "wherever our boys have been—and every summer finds a British camp abroad—the story is the same: fraternising, equality, and a desire to understand the problems of a foreign people.

Best argument

"Friendships are established and afterwards maintained, forming the strongest possible argument against future wars."

If I were Sir Robert Baden-Powell I should be a proud man to-day. I should look on my work and pronounce it good.

But I do not think he will do that—he is too good a Scout himself. He will simply sink himself in the common cause, happy that others are happy, helping, guiding, advising and sparing nothing to make the Jamboree a success.

None the less, his work is good. If in the same short time the League of Nations at Geneva can achieve half as much, the shadow of war will be lifted for ever from the earth.

The Human Machine

Barnacled Minds

IT seems to be very hard for the average person to keep his balance when faced with progress.

King Canute long ago demonstrated the foolishness of trying to delay the inevitable, but we have been very slow to profit by his lesson.

Every real advance mankind has made has been strenuously opposed by people who have more vigour than vision.

Yet no one has ever been found big enough to hold back history. Things move, no matter who tries to stop them.

Even in so small a department of life as the "talkies" we can see how innately conservative most people are and how much they try to resist change.

The moment the first film was made to talk it was obvious that they must all talk; but even to-day all sorts of people are trying to pretend that nothing revolutionary has happened and that very soon things will be as they used to be; but they won't.

There can never be any going back. Either progress must win or the world must perish. We can never stand still. We must go forward or we shall go backward.

Only dead things never move at all.

Resistance to progress is very largely compounded of self-interest and laziness.

It is often quite hard work to adapt ourselves to a new point of view. It needs real thought; and so many people would sooner do an hour's hard manual labour than five minutes' solid thinking.

Every change upsets somebody. That is why somebody is always ready to lead the lost cause of resistance to change and progress.

The people the world most needs are those who can see just a little further than their noses, and who can recognise progress when it is shown to them.

The man with a little vision is always the one to whom, later, the others look back with gratitude.

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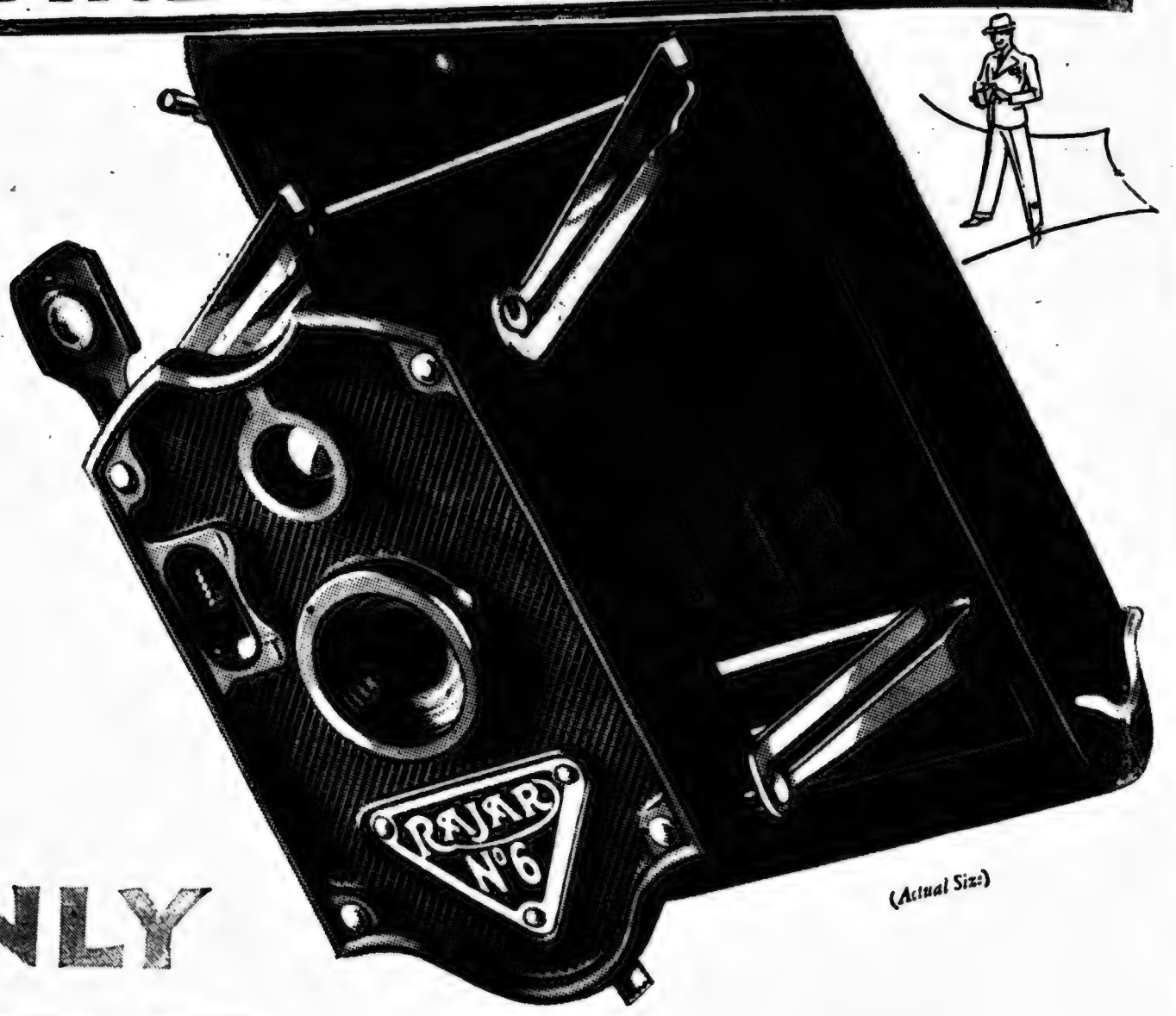

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(ALL ORDERS WILL BE DEALT WITH IN STRICT ROTATION)

Briand (to the Growing Lad): "Don't keep spoiling my holidays!"

"It's a long, long way to . . ."

Without Fear or Favour—
by the Editor

FIFTEEN years ago the painfully built structure of European civilisation collapsed into raw barbarism. To what are we heading now? Are we rebuilding—or are we undermining even the fragments that remain?

Mr. A. G. Gardiner utters a warning in his article this week that cannot be ignored. He is profoundly right to call attention to the ugly facts which, unless sanity reasserts itself among the nations, will inevitably complete the ruin that 1914 began.

Somehow, at any cost, we have got to find ways and means of letting the world-wide will to peace of the common people prevail.

"It is the fate of the white civilisation which is at stake," says Mr. Gardiner. Every man, every woman, every politician and statesman should ponder those words.

Is there any real hope for Europe and the world? We think there is.

The Kellogg Pact is now operative. It is significant that, almost coincident with this, Great Britain and America have suspended their naval building in a sincere effort to find some real basis of understanding.

"I dare to predict," said President Hoover, formally proclaiming the Pact, "that the influence of this treaty for the renunciation of war will be felt in a large proportion in all future international acts.

"There is a magnificent opportunity and a compelling duty now open to us which should spur us on to the fulfilment of every opportunity calculated to implement this treaty and to extend the policy which it so nobly sets forth."

Brave enough and significant enough, and doubly so when it has been so speedily followed by action designed to reduce the burden of armaments in earnest.

But to-day, as ever, the price of peace is not preparedness for war, but eternal vigilance. Despite fair words and gestures, there are still plenty of people to whose advantage it is to embroil the nations.

The only test of the sincerity of those who are proclaiming international friendship and the substitution of arbitration for war is their willingness and ability to reduce the expenditure on armaments, not by thousands, but by millions.

This week-end will revive memories of a phrase that is still nothing but a phrase. How often have we heard the words, "Never again"!

How nearer are we to their positive fulfilment?

There have been many opportunities in the last fifteen years: most of them have been missed.

To-day there is something like real hope at last—but drastic disarmament remains the touchstone of peace.

If the Government can accomplish this during its term of office it will have won its place in history, even though it does nothing else.

* * *

THE article on the Soviet-Chinese dispute that appears on page 26 of this issue deserves serious attention. Written by an authority who has lived on the spot, it deals with facts and ignores theory and surmise.

Bear and Dragon

It is particularly interesting at the moment we are endeavouring to restore sanity into our relations with Russia, and it is packed with illustrations of the lesson we have already tried to teach—that foreign affairs and foreign policy are of very real moment to the "man in the street."

What is of exceptional interest, however, is our contributor's remark that "If this war is by any chance averted now, the only factor that will prevent it occurring in the future will be a radical change in the insane Russian policy of trying to convert China and the rest of the world to Communism."

The success of the negotiations about to open between our Government and the Soviet will hang very largely on what M. Dovgalevsky, Soviet Ambassador in Paris, has to say.

We don't mind what views the Russians hold. We don't expect them to hold ours. We do expect them to keep their views within their own frontiers.

NOT very long ago Mussolini condemned holidays as an invention of democracy. The only adequate comment seems to be that democracy has more sense than some people think.

Holidays are a very fine invention indeed,

Let Yourself Go

particularly public holidays, when all and sundry can breathe the fresh air and soak in the sunshine with their cares forgotten for a few brief hours.

The man who first thought of Bank Holidays was as big a benefactor to his fellows as the gentleman who later added an extra hour of daylight to them.

That we don't cater for our holiday-makers as we should is a matter of regret at home and scorn abroad. It is beyond belief that several times a year we turn the whole population loose to seek enjoyment, and then see how many restrictions we can invent to stop them finding it!

It is not hard to see why other nations find us a little difficult to understand. It must be very puzzling to them to see that, beyond a doubt, we do enjoy ourselves, despite all the misguided efforts of our long-nosed Jeremiahs to stop us.

The spirit that animates the Bank Holiday crowd on Hampstead Heath is the same spirit that sent our men over the top at Loos dribbling footballs and playing mouth-organs.

WE can always get a bit of fun out of life when we like, no matter how much it weighs on us. It is one of the great characteristics of our race.

The August Bank Holiday is always a red-letter day, for, more than any other, it is the Children's Festival. Some day, when we have come to see that life is not all restriction and that healthy play is of as much value as healthy work, we shall send Mrs. Grundy into permanent exile and make our Bank Holidays occasions that other countries will envy and entirely fail to emulate.

For once we really get the holiday fever we can't be stopped.

The Blight on

"I do like to be beside the Seaside . . ."

Empty, deserted bathing-huts at Folkestone. At how many seaside towns are you allowed to bathe on Sunday? Water and the Sabbath don't mix

The fine tennis-courts at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. Ever tried to play on them on Sunday? You won't succeed

"COME to Britain" is not a mere empty, ineffectual slogan. People do come to Britain. From the Continent, from America, from the ar East and the Far West they ome. They adore London. They elight in the "friendly" English ndscape, in our lovable lanes, our ellow villages, and our wealth of terary and historical associations.

In a sense, many of them know ritain better than we know it urselves.

But these overseas visitors don't ay at our "popular" seaside re-orts—at least not for long. "Mais on!" or "Not on your life!" as ne case may be.

Had we nothing but our seaside esorts to offer to our foreign ummer visitors, the "Come to ritain" movement would have bout as much life in it as a illion-year-old fossilised tortoise.

There is a blight upon the sea-de.

"Meet Mrs. Grundy"

It is, as it were, a twofold blight -local misgovernment, impreg-ated with the lingering virus f Victorian narrow-mindedness, illied to modern commercial ramp-ng at its worst.

"Meet Mrs. Grundy" might well e the slogan of many of our sea-de towns, for it is there she dwells n her senile, but none the less eddlesome, retirement.

Her aged voice rasps in the ouncil chamber of the municipal uthorities; her crinoline creaks nd rustles warningly through the treets; her elastic-sided boots lump indignantly along the romenade; and her sin-seeking yes pry into every nook and corner or some sign of evil-doing.

In the majority of countries broad the holiday-maker pays for hat he may do. In Great Britain e pays for what he may not do.

Abroad he is welcomed as a leasure-seeker. In Great Britain e is often regarded as a prospec-ve sinner, who must be saved at ny cost. He pays most of the ost, anyway.

Holiday-makers at the average nglish "popular" seaside resort re made to feel that bathing is a ice which only the morally im-roving effect of snuffily conceived ules and regulations can make en-urable.

Lovers who kiss at the seaside o so with a burning sense of ame, and in fearful knowledge f the wrath to come. At least, hat is how they are expected to eel about it.

"Go and see what the little holiday-maker is doing," says Grandmother Town Councillor, "and tell him he mustn't."

When you come down to hard fact, however, the tyranny of this long-skirted, Victorian mock-morality of seaside Bumble-Grundys is 90 per cent. humbug.

It merely plays into the hands of the commercial rampers, who are out to wring quick fortunes from the holiday-maker's wallet.

For example, the ban on unconventional bathing imposed in the much-abused name of decency has no moral justification.

What the Bumble-Grundys are mainly concerned about is that the wicked bather shall pay for his wickedness and thus obtain absolution from the profiteers.

So rules and regulations are made to drive the holiday-maker to spend tedious hours in a queue for the privilege of paying exorbitant rates for damp and draughty bathing accommodation.

When will our seaside authorities wake up to the fact that the present-day holiday-maker expects that the Sundays included in his brief vacation shall afford him much the same facilities for rational enjoyment as any other day?

Bournemouth and Eastbourne are notorious examples of the die-hard Sabbatarian spirit. Their Sundays are endless in unrelieved gloom.

But these towns do not stand alone for kill-joy primness. From John o' Groat's to Land's End, with few exceptions, the holiday-maker's seaside Sunday drags its dreary length through an arid and prickly wilderness of municipal "Thou shalt nots."

Travel amenities reduced or abolished, places of refreshment and amusement closed, bands silenced, tennis and bowls forbidden: so runs the order of the seaside Sabbath Day—and to what serviceable end the Bumble-Grundys alone know.

A moral

Exceptions there are, which serve to point a moral. From Rhyl, in North Wales, comes a report of a happier, more progressive state of affairs.

Shops and cafés there are open on Sundays, and rational amusements are not lacking, *and congregations at the church services are not diminished.*

Bumble-Grundys, go to—Rhyl!

Mention of cafés calls attention to another deplorable deficiency in our stick-in-the-mud seaside towns.

If there be any place in Great Britain where that delightful Continental feature, the open-air café, should thrive and multiply, it is surely the seaside.

Ramsgate—swarming bathing-boxes and a beach black with humanity. A study of our sad seaside

Alas! We may swelter up and down the pompous, ponderous front of Brighton, we may frizzle at Folkestone, scorch at Scarborough, perspire at Penzance, and broil at Bridlington, but we may not sit in the open air at clean, cool tables under tasteful awnings, and drink leisurely and without shame.

For that way, it seems, lies Continentalism and the yawning brink of the pit, and Town Councillor Bumble-Grundy would swoon at the sight.

So we must herd into badly-ventilated teashops, drink beyond our means at high-priced hotel cocktail bars, or even—oh, horror! —slink up side streets into plain, unadorned "pubs."

Here and there, it is true, we may come upon cafés—cafés, that is, by name, though heaven knows what by nature.

Their awnings, if any, are stained and dingy, their tables rickety and few, their attendant sprites are mostly unkempt and pardonably morose, and their service atrocious.

In these flyblown havens we may select from blotchy tariff-cards such ambrosial liquids as luke-warm tea, impossible coffee, oily cocoa, ale and stout (and, perchance, a misbegotten form of cider), or that startlingly yellow concoction we have been educated to call lemonade.

The story is told of a popular French café proprietor on holiday in England, who, overcome by heat on one of our arid sea-fronts, was carried into the oven-like shelter of one of these rare oases.

Nothing Bumble-Grundyish about her—but then she comes from California, where the seaside is still unblighted

When he came to, he looked around him, shuddered, crossed himself, and exclaimed: "How fortunate that I speak English, since it is clear I am dead and already in hell!"

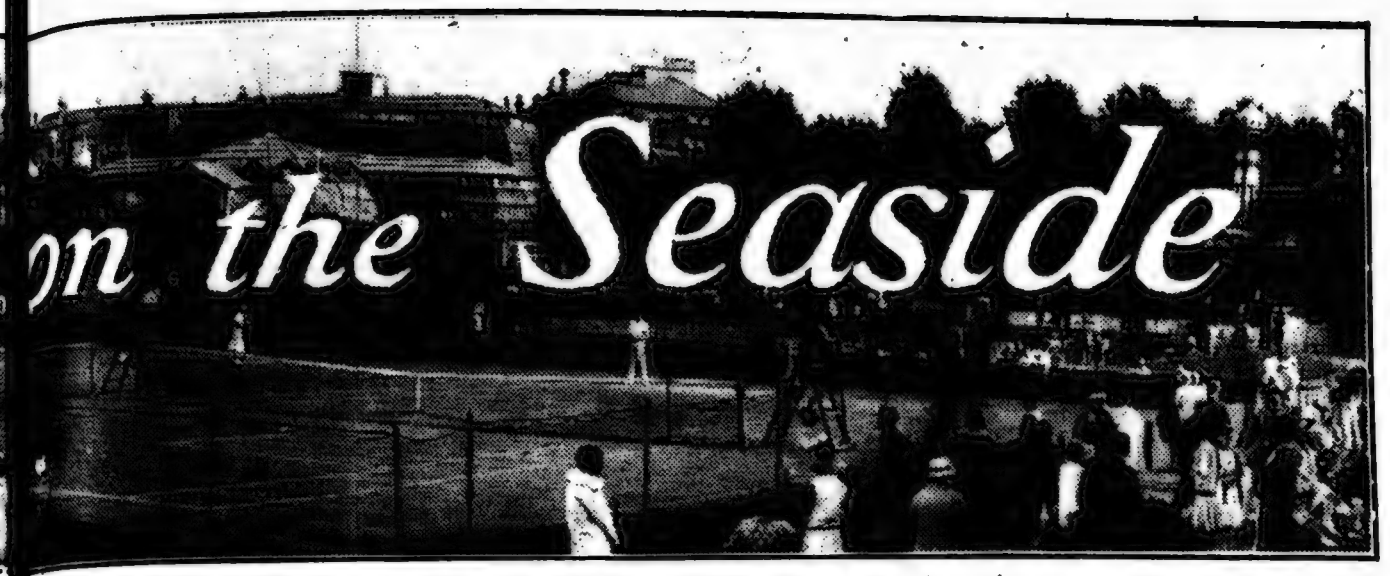
At boarding-houses, and apartments in particular, the visitor is harassed by innumerable grandmotherly restrictions which are in exasperating accordance with the fusty Victorian appearance and atmosphere of these "homes from home."

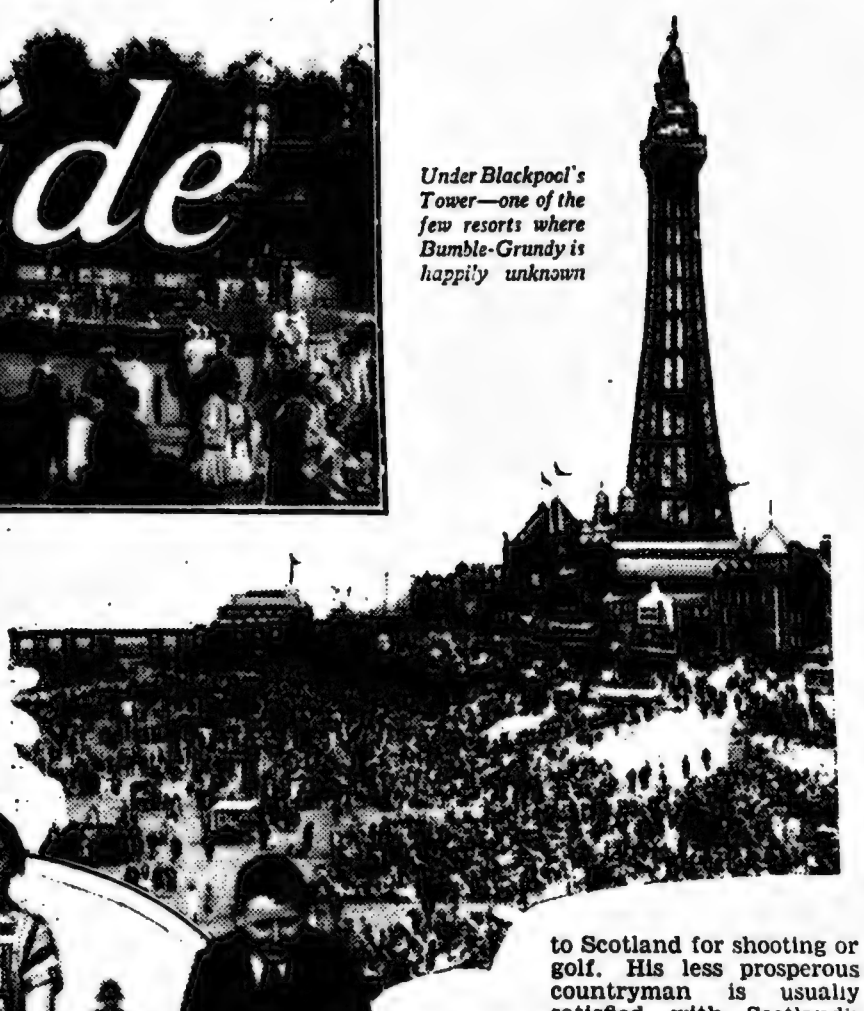
What is worse, sharp practice is frequently the hobby of their proprietors. To pay for a bedroom is by no means to ensure that you have it to yourself, if an additional lodger can be squeezed into it.

Hotel and lodging-house proprietors unite with the local tradesmen in a grand ramp of high prices. In August, when the bag of victims is swollen by numbers of helpless parents and children, they are particularly merciless.

Behind this comparatively petty pilfering there merrily goes on

...n the Seaside





Under Blackpool's Tower—one of the few resorts where Bumble-Grundy is happily unknown

the more majestic ramps of municipal authorities.

Superb development schemes, destined, you may believe, to increase the popularity and prosperity of this or that seaside town, are in progress all round the coast, each one, of course, strictly under parish-pump control.

The holiday-maker at these blessed resorts finds something more to pay for. But, since he is on holiday, and the new feature, whatever it is, offers him some mild additional entertainment, he pays.

The local ratepayer also finds himself called upon to pay—*in one instance to the extent of an extra tenpence in the pound.*

Where does the money go? Who shares in the "increased prosperity"?

Seaside development in Great Britain is either grossly neglected, or else it is carried out in a farcical or scandalous manner.

Eighteen-eightyish

Hundreds of seaside towns appear to be under the impression that the tastes and requirements of holiday-makers are the same as those of their great-grandfathers.

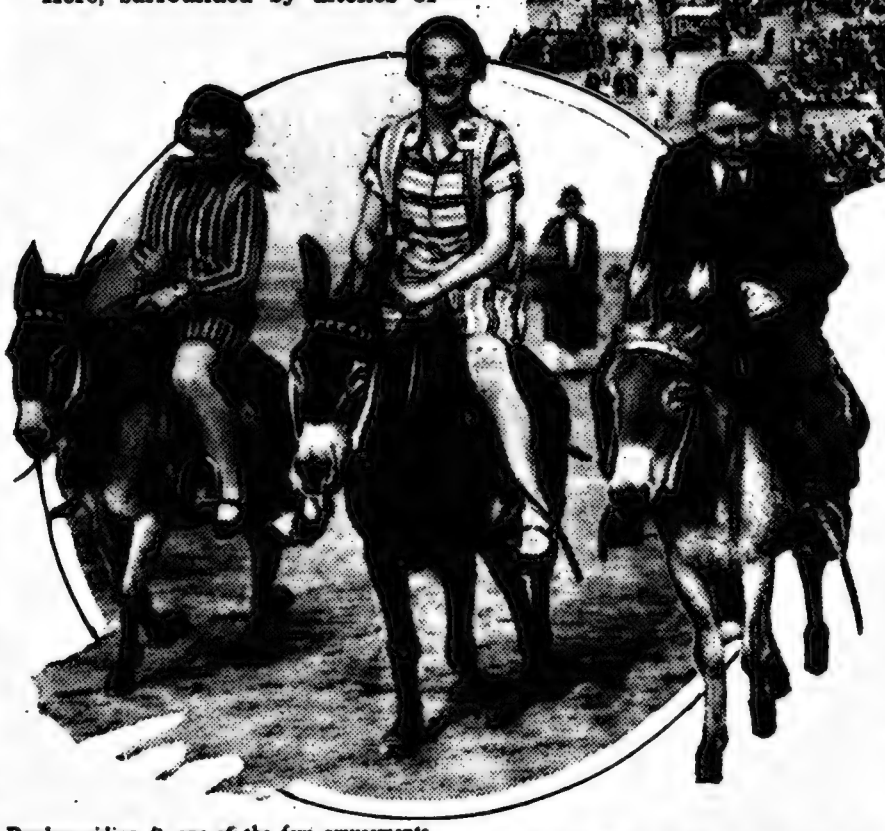
In other towns the municipal idea of development seems to be limited to building brick-and-mortar eyesores, tricked out with a little gilt and plaster.

Where an entirely virgin site is "developed," the result is too often an abhorrent jumble of stucco and galvanised iron; a huddle of garish, flimsy structures without co-ordinated design, without dignity and without charm.

Take, for instance, a "Bungalow Town," like that at West Worthing, for which the East Preston Rural District Council is the responsible authority.

This imposing resort consists of a collection of ramshackle, leaking huts, unprovided with a water-supply, and endowed with the delightfully primitive system of cesspool drainage.

Here, surrounded by ditches of stagnant water, you may—if you are silly enough—live the very simple life at an average rental of eight guineas a week.



Donkey-riding is one of the few amusements that aren't thought wicked. But then most of us are too sedate, or too heavy for the poor mokes

The foreshore of Westward Ho! in Devon, is another of the many disgraceful examples of muncipal indifference, or supineness resulting in a shabby and disorderly array of shacks which would dishonour an Arizona mining camp.

Advertising photographs of such resorts are advisedly taken from a discreet distance.

In few parts of England does the local authority in control of a famous beauty-spot appear to make the least attempt either to guard the fair scene from the blots of blatant advertisements or to protect the visitor from the assembled profiteers.

That the physical needs of holiday-makers can quite well be met discreetly and artistically by buildings that do not mar the picturesqueness of the locality is something that has still to be learnt from foreign lands.

Nor should it be overlooked that, while the local inhabitants are not averse from taking toll of the holiday-maker, by far the biggest profits are made, and the worst desecration committed, by outside traders and syndicates.

All over the country may be found proof that this "development" of our seaside resorts is largely in the hands of inert muddleheads, old-fashioned Bumble-Grundys, and incompetent wasters.

Ratepayers should turn them out and see to it that the control of affairs is entrusted to up-to-date business men of vision and ideas—men with a real pride in their own town, a sense of responsibility to the nation, and an understanding of present-day requirements.

...is troubles in front of him—he hasn't found the blight yet. But he will one day

Just dull

The exclusiveness and unprogressiveness of Scottish seaside resorts is proverbial.

They are also dull.

But one does not go to the Scottish seaside for communal gaiety. In any case, the Scots holiday-maker can be relied upon to see he gets value for his money according to his lights.

The well-to-do Englishman goes to Scotland for shooting or golf. His less prosperous countryman is usually satisfied with Scotland's natural beauties. He has to be. The railway fare does not leave him any too much money for other enjoyments.

Either the Irish are satisfied with what they have not got, or else they consider beautiful, overworked Killarney attracts sufficient strangers to their country. Certainly the extensive coastline of Ireland cannot be said to teem with popular watering-places.

No doubt, when cheap air travel has abolished the bogey of that somewhat terrifying sea-crossing, Ireland will wake up to find her shores glistening with fairy gold.

Cheap air travel!

Here, maybe, is a rod in pickle for the Bumble-Grundys, the muddleheads of our seaside towns.

Do they ever, in their trance of smug self-satisfaction, glimpse a vision of holiday seasons in that not far-distant era, when Mr. Brown of London, Mr. Jones of Birmingham, and Mr. Robinson of Manchester will be able to fly where they want at the cost of a present-day railway fare?

The wind up

If so, it should occur to them that, as soon as travelling by air becomes reasonably cheap and comparatively safe, the grand exodus of English holiday-makers to foreign seaside resorts will begin in real earnest.

And there will be no compensating influx of foreign visitors to adjust the balance. The foreign holiday-maker will not fly to the English seaside *unless it becomes a considerably gayer place than it is at present.*

So what will our seaside rampers do then, poor things?

In their rich variety, gracious, natural settings, and health-giving properties, Britain's coast resorts challenge comparison the world over. They must cease to be the strongholds of grasping avarice, canting humbug and parish-pump officialdom.

The blight on the seaside must be wiped out with a tonic application of common-sense insect-killer.

and the balance by EASY PAYMENTS

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J.B.M.1

Night-Time BLUES

CAPTAIN JOHN FORD, which is not his name, skipper of the *Sardis*, which is not her name either, told me this true life-story sitting on the veranda of the Mombasa Club after dinner, looking out over the moonlit bay, which is one of the finest prospects in the world.

You will not find the name Dorothy Grant in any police records; but with these necessary reservations I tell the tale as Captain Ford told it to me.

* * *

John Ford, skipper of the s.s. *Sardis*, anchored off Miti-Miti, stepped through the open doorway of the little saloon into the glare of the deck, and hailed the bridge.

"Mr. Matthewson!"

"Sir."

"I want you in the saloon."

The first officer, being only twenty-seven, slid down the bridge-ladder with a hand on either rail and followed the skipper into the saloon.

A tall, bearded figure sprawled in a cane lounge. It was Van Ryneveld, the Dutch storekeeper, the only white man in Miti-Miti.

Captain Ford said to the first officer: "Van Ryneveld wants me to take a lady-passenger to Salaam-Sana. It'll mean giving up your cabin."

Matthewson laughed.

"Oh, well, I'll sleep on deck. It's hot enough. What's she like, Jan?"

"No hips, no bust. Come ashore in my boat, captain, and bring her back."

Captain Ford rose from the table.

Van Ryneveld drained his glass, staggered to his feet, and followed him out.

Side by side they toiled across the loose sand of the beach and came at last to the store.

Van Ryneveld led the way up a flight of rotting steps on to the veranda, and passed through a doorless opening. The captain followed him into a sort of general living-room. Then at last he saw the woman.

She was seated in a corner remote from the veranda.

Shingled golden hair framed the kind of pretty face—short-nosed, short upper-lipped, and low-browed, with rounded cheeks and faintly surprised mouth—for which men will ruin themselves in any part of the world.

Hastily Captain Ford removed his white helmet. Van Ryneveld merely growled in his beard:

"Ford, skipper of the *Sardis*. Says he can give you a passage."

The girl in the teak chair sat up.

"Oh, will you, Captain Ford? How perfectly delightful of you. I shall be glad to get away. I've been here for days."

"I'll give you a passage with pleasure if you don't mind the first officer's cabin and if you can start now."

"I'm packed," she answered. "You don't suppose I'd leave anything to chance?"

* * *

THE *Sardis* was not a big ship. When Dorothy Grant entered the saloon for dinner she encountered a great deal of painful politeness.

She took her place on the captain's right. She sat there in a blue evening frock that reflected the colour of her eyes, spoke very little, and let the spectacle of her charming face, bare arms and shoulders, and slight figure have what effect it would on men into whose lives women entered very little. Matthewson, opposite, alone interested her.

There, if she wished, lay adventure. Men with blue eyes, she reflected, are always soft over women, and she knew she was torture to him.

At eight o'clock Captain Ford departed, and Mr. Roberts, a lanky, red-haired Tynesider, came down to dinner. The first officer, by virtue of seniority, asked Mrs. Grant if she would care for a stroll on deck.

They went out into a pitch-black tropic night, lit by a sky sown with stars.

"If it were daylight," said the first officer at last, "you could just see the coast." He paused. "That was a pretty good effort of yours, trekking down to Miti-Miti."

"My feet were a mass of blisters."

"My God!"

"They're all right now." She paused in her pacing of the deck and extended a small foot in a blue satin slipper. "Are you sorry for them, Mr. Matthewson?"

In the shadow aft of the deck-house he took her in his arms, as she had meant him to do. They kissed in silence, a long minute, and then, shakily, resumed their walk up and down the deck, her hand crushed in his.

"I put the paper on the floor and the pencil in his fingers, and with his last strength he scrawled his name . . . ."

"You're unhappy," whispered Matthewson. "Won't you tell me what's worrying you?"

In the silence of the night she told him her story.

* * *

After breakfast, Mrs. Grant said to John Ford:

"Oh, captain, forgive my bothering you, but could you spare me ten minutes for a little business talk?"

He led her to his quarters beneath the bridge.

She seemed to be nerving herself for an effort.

"Mine's rather a grim story. Alec and I were quite alone on the estate, days from the nearest white people. We were very happy at first, but when the novelty wore off I got frightfully lonely. Alec was out most of the time, working like a dog.

"Not long ago a white man turned up at our place. He said he was an elephant-hunter on journey. We asked him to stay, as one does in Africa. He thanked Alec, and remained a couple of days.

"I couldn't help seeing he was rather attracted to me, but I didn't bother very much. However, on the second evening, after dinner, he asked me to walk over to the guest-hut to look at some ivory, and on the way he tried to kiss me. I told him not to be a fool, and he apologised, and we remained quite good friends.

"On the following afternoon, about tea-time, when I was alone in our house, except for the house-boys, he came in.

"He knew Alec wasn't due for another hour or more. He asked me for some quinine and aspirin because he felt a touch of fever coming on. I went into my bedroom to get them, and he followed me. He closed the door, and took me in his arms. I began to struggle, but of course I hadn't the slightest chance.

"He seemed incredibly strong. My frock was ripped off my shoulders in the struggle. And then, when I could do no more, I screamed: 'Oh, Alec! Alec! Save me!'

"The man, still holding me, put one hand over my mouth and listened. For a moment there was silence. Then I heard the sound of running feet, the door crashed open, and Alec burst in with a revolver in his hand.

"The man stood up to face Alec, and without a second's hesitation Alec fired. It was a Service revolver, and the man dropped like a log.

"The man was sinking steadily. There was nothing to be done. Then an idea seemed to occur to him. He made a great effort, and gasped: 'Paper—pencil. Write: "It was an accident. I was cleaning the revolver." Quick.'

"Alec only stared, but I ran and did as the man asked. I put the paper on the floor and the pencil in his fingers, and with his last strength he scrawled his name. Then a little later he died."

"It must have been a great shock for you," said John Ford, when she ceased.

"It was more than a shock. It was the end of everything. Of course, we notified the authorities, and the man's death was put down to an accident; but afterwards I felt as if I should go mad. I couldn't get the picture of him dying on the floor of my bedroom out of my mind.

"And at last, my father, in England, sent me a cheque, a fairly big cheque. I waited till Alec left on a two days' hunting trip, and then I departed. I left him a farewell letter, collected a reliable headman, a cook, and two porters, and set out for Miti-Miti.

"I DARESAY the estate-boys got to know—natives are uncanny in that way—but they would tell Alec a confused story. Anyhow I got through to Miti-Miti. Perhaps Alec never tried to follow me. Perhaps he couldn't."

She rose from her chair, and the captain rose also.

"I'm sorry. You must have had a very rough time," he said rather formally. "If there is anything more I can do to help you, please let me know."

* * *

That night John Ford could not sleep. At last he got up, put on rubber-soled shoes and a light tropical oilskin coat, and went out on deck.

In the shade of the deck-house a dark

A Real Life Story by F. E. BAILY

". . . . Alec only stared"

shape lying on the planking caught his eye. It was the mattress laid out for the first officer during the temporary occupation of his cabin by Mrs. Grant.

John Ford paused and looked down. The blankets had been thrown aside. There was no sign of the first officer.

Ford turned aft, crossed to the port side of the deck and walked up to the door of Mrs. Grant's cabin.

In a deep patch of shadow by the door he made out the figure of the first officer. Matthewson's hand was on the door handle.

Ford beckoned him aft out of sight of the bridge and demanded:

"Do you consider yourself justified in running after another man's wife?"

"Oh, good God, who cares about him? If you knew her story——"

"She told me."

"Well, then," enquired the first officer, "what do you expect?"

John Ford looked Matthewson in the eyes.

"I command this ship and I'm responsible for that woman while she's a passenger. I can put you in the log, or I can put you in irons, and I'll do both if necessary, unless you promise to leave her alone."

Till dawn he continued to pace silently up and down past that barred door. After breakfast the wireless officer brought him a message from the chief of police at Salaam-Sana, which is the seat of government in those parts.

"Mrs. Grant is to be detained and not allowed to land, pending further instructions."

* * *

The *Sardis* had steamed past the islands, through the narrow channel. She had anchored in the harbour, and Dorothy Grant prepared to land, but the captain led her to his cabin, and showed her his instructions from the chief of police. She only smiled, and said:

"I can't think what they want. I hope they won't keep me on board very long."

She went away to complete her packing; presently a police launch came alongside and two extremely neat police officers ascended the accommodation-ladder.

Mr. Matthewson met them at the head of it, saluted gravely, escorted them to the saloon, and reported to the captain.

The senior police officer greeted him crisply:

"Good morning, captain. Sorry to inconvenience you, but I have a warrant for Mrs. Grant's arrest."

John Ford turned to the first officer:

"My compliments to Mrs. Grant, and will she please come to the saloon."

Mr. Matthewson, very rigid with surprise, departed on his errand.

Through the doorway she came, a slender figure, all white and gold, white frock and golden hair, lips just parted in a smile, perfectly self-possessed.

Two paces behind her followed Mr. Matthewson with death in his eyes.

The senior officer had a paper in his hand.

"You are Dorothy Grant, the wife of Alexander Grant of Njembe in the Makandi district?" he enquired formally.

"Yes," answered the white-and-gold figure.

"I am an officer of the police, and it is my duty to arrest you on a charge of murdering your husband by shooting him with an automatic pistol on or about the third of last month."

A gasp of horror broke from Mr. Matthewson. His eyes and hers met in a long glance.

"It's perfectly true that I shot Alec. It was just that I couldn't bear it any longer."

SHE turned apologetically to Captain Ford.

"I must ask you and Mr. Matthewson to forgive me for telling the story that I did. It was quite untrue, but I had to explain myself somehow."

She turned back to the senior police officer.

"I married Alec in London. He told me about his estate in Tanganyika Territory, and it all seemed so romantic.

"Then we settled down on the estate, at Njembe in the Makandi district." She paused and laughed, a dreadful, hysterical little laugh. "I lived two years with Alec at Njembe. I never saw another white man or woman.

"Alec worked as only white men do work. He was out from dawn onward. He was interested in his job, building something, creating something where there had been only wilderness. I had no companionship, no fun. At night he would be too tired to talk or be amusing.

"He had no sense of humour and about three jokes. Every night when we sat down to dinner he used to sharpen one of his table-knives against the other and say:

Illustrated by S. Tresilian

'We hae meat and we can eat,
And so the Lord be thankit.'

"After about nine months I got to wait for that knife-sharpening and those two lines.

"At last I grew to hate Alec with that bitter, murderous hatred you get for another person with whom you're marooned in the tropics.

"The day came when I determined to kill him. I put on my prettiest frock and hid the pistol in the top of my mosquito boot. Alec came back from his work, bathed, put on a clean suit and sat down at the dinner-table.

"'Now,' I thought, 'it's in his own hands. If he sharpens his knife and says those words, I'll kill him.' We finished our soup. The house-boy took away the soup-plates and brought in roast guinea-fowl.

"Alec took a knife in one hand and a knife in the other and ran the blade of the one up and down the blade of the other.

"'Well,' he said,

'We hae meat and we can eat,
And so the Lord be thankit.'

"I pulled the automatic from my mosquito-boot and fired straight at his heart. The bullet went high and only wounded him in the shoulder. He sprang up, leaned across the table, grabbed at my arm and missed it, and then I shot him through the head."

HER voice ceased. The senior police officer got to his feet.

"If you are ready, I must ask you to accompany me, Mrs. Grant."

The junior police officer opened the door on his side of the saloon; hunted and captor stepped out on to the deck.

"How did you fellows get to know?" asked the captain of the junior police officer.

"Well, she left a pretty plain trail. These girls from home never realise Africa's like a village for gossip, and a white woman arriving from nowhere with four boys looks a little queer.

"But the curious psychology of the native did her in. Grant was popular. He could always get labour. Even though she'd shot him, the head boy still considered himself responsible for Grant's wife's safety.

"So he saw her to the coast, and then reported to the District Commissioner. They sent someone out to Njembe, and found everything as she described it."

She came back with her few personal things and the police officers took her away. When they had gone, Matthewson said in an unfamiliar voice:

"To think *she* could do a thing like that! How in God's name shall I ever sleep in my cabin again?"

"Well, come to mine, and I'll give you something for it," answered the skipper drily.

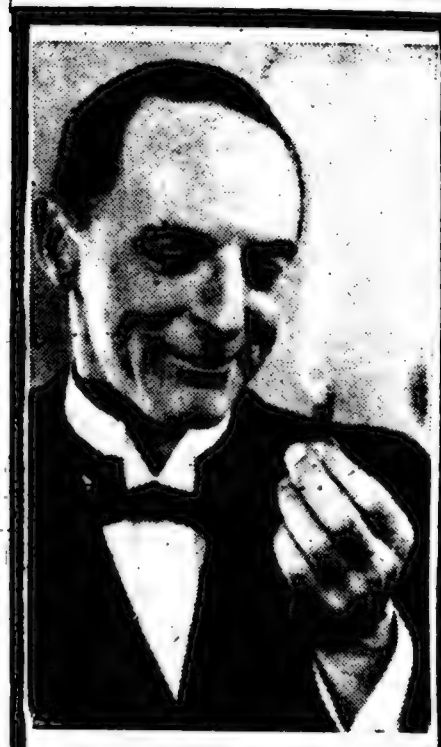
He poured out half a glass of neat brandy, and while the first officer gulped it, turned to his bookshelves, selected a book, opened it at a certain page, gave it to Mr. Matthewson, and walked out, leaving the first officer alone, and alone he read:

"'*Is there anything as I can do*
ashore for you
When you've dropped down the
tide?'

"You can take 'n' tell Nan I'm goin'
about the world agen,
'N' that the world's wide.
'N' tell her that there ain't no postal
service
Not down on the blue sea.
'N' tell her that she'd best not keep
her fires alight,
Nor set up late for me.
'N' tell her I'll have forgotten all
about her
Afore we cross the Line,
'N' tell her that the dollars of any
other sailorman
Is as good red gold as mine."

The first officer finished his brandy, closed the book, and put it carefully back on the shelf.

Next Week: "The Blinkin' Black." A True Story by R. H. Mottram



Thanks! But I'd rather have a Manikin ——*enjoyment* in smoking is the thing that counts——and Manikins *are* enjoyable from light-up to finish.

Your tobacconist will be delighted to supply you with a packet—10d. buys 5 of these choice little smokes.

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Make your own Cigarette & see what you save. ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER BEST & PUREST

Dance-Hall MOTHS

with burnt wings

HERE is a scene from the British film, "Palais de Danse," which takes the roof off the dance-hall and reveals the wretchedness of the professional dancing-partner's lot

How many of the holiday-makers who flock to the dance-halls at seaside resorts on rainy days give a thought to the lot of the girl "pro."—the professional dance-partner?

Quite possibly she is an object of envy to business girls temporarily emancipated from the dull routine of the typewriter and the office stool. To them—and to their brothers—she is a figure of romance as she sits there, dainty and well groomed, in the professional dance-partners' box.

"A lady's life," they say to themselves, as with envious eyes they watch the fairy-like creature taking the floor with some chance stranger who has paid a few coppers for the privilege of dancing with her.

That is how it looks to outsiders who know nothing of the sordid struggles and terrible temptations that are the lot of the girl "pro."

In many cases the rates of pay and conditions of employment of these girls are deplorable. This is not so at the substantial and well-managed dance-halls which exist in London and some of the large provincial cities.

But at the smaller seaside towns, where a mushroom dance-hall is run by a "get-rich-quick" syndicate of bounders, the girl dance-partner lives surrounded by terrible temptations.

The first thought of the gentry who launch such a dance-hall is, naturally, to make the place seem always well patronised. No one cares to dance on an empty floor.

Shining eyes out of focus

With this idea, and also to attract casual men clients, they secure the maximum of pretty, well-dressed girl dance-partners at the lowest possible cost.

The conditions of employment they offer would be scorned by the most inexperienced domestic servant. Rarely do they pay even the single railway fare, however costly this may be, from the girl's home.

Yet such is the lure of this unprofitable calling that there are dozens of applicants for every vacancy.

A girl recently took a post in an Irish dance-hall. Her single fare to Ireland was paid, the reason being that no girl of Irish birth or resident in Ireland was eligible for employment—a significant fact in itself.

She was offered 50 per cent. of her takings as a professional partner, at sixpence per dance. Also she was to receive half her fees for dancing-lessons, at 5s. per lesson, provided that she found her own pupils.

For pupils introduced to her by the management she received 10 per cent. of the fees.

On this basis she was told that she was entitled to the first £2 she earned. Afterwards she was to have 10 per cent. of her total earnings.

Too many pretty faces

How did this work out?

"For the first two or three weeks," this girl reports, "I made my two pounds or two guineas.

"Then my takings fell to thirty-eight or thirty-five shillings a week, and finally averaged about thirty shillings. The trouble was that we had more girl 'pros.' than there was work.

"The management, anxious to have plenty of pretty faces to attract male patrons, had engaged about six girls too many.

"The regular clients of the place were family people; parents with sons and daughters and their friends. There is not much of a look-in for the professional partner with such a *clientèle*.

"Our expenses were heavy.

"Our ordinary afternoon and evening frocks were uniform, and were lent by the management. But, in addition, we had to supply shoes and stockings, and special evening gowns for gala nights and exhibition dances. Also we were compelled to have our hair kept in perfect order by a good hairdresser.

"Two of us, 'digging' together, could get a room, with a gas-ring, for about thirty shillings a week—fifteen 'bob' each.

"Our hours were from three till six and eight till twelve. But on extension nights we worked until two o'clock in the morning.

"Our mornings, if we were not lucky enough to be giving a private lesson, were taken up with washing and mending our stockings or furbishing up old dance frocks.

"No food was supplied gratis by the dance-hall, so we had to find our own breakfast, lunch and supper.

"For breakfast we had tea with bread and butter; for lunch a boiled or scrambled egg; and for supper, or high tea—always a rush between our two turns of duty—bread and cheese, or meat paste, with tea.

"On this diet—all we could afford—we were often so ravenous by midnight or later, when our work ended, that we were ready to accept the invitation of any client, however objectionable, to a more substantial meal."

Go hungry, or——

This girl came from a refined home. It was a terrible shock to her to learn from other girls, more versed in the life, that she was likely to go very hungry unless, in the course of a dance, she could induce her partner to "make a date" with her for lunch.

"We really measured our success as partners," she says, "by the number of free lunches we could pick up each week.

"The rules of the hall did not allow us to eat or drink on the premises with our partners. If a man offered us a cup of coffee, we could not take it in his company. It had to be sent to us in our pen.

"We were not allowed to 'sit out,' and the instant the music stopped we had to return to the pen.

"If the floor manager noticed a man trying to flirt with us or holding us too closely, he would caution him, or even turn him off the floor.

"The place was well conducted enough in that way—but we could never have stood the demands of its strenuous life if we had not learned the art of acquiring a free meal."

This is but one case. It is typical of the lives of girl dance-partners all over the country—hungry, shabby-smart, and, by reason of their employment, exposed to the utmost temptation and danger.

There are two reasons for this state of affairs.

One, alas! lies with the girls themselves. Most of them scorn humdrum callings, and have neither the intelligence nor the perseverance to stick at unromantic trades long enough to reap their benefits.

Therefore they stand so much more in need of protection than their shrewder sisters. They are pretty, and rather silly.

They picture the dance-hall as the royal road to a rich marriage, when in truth it is only the path to disillusionment and possibly disgrace.

The second reason lies with the law, or with the municipal authorities which allow girls to be employed under such rotten conditions.

The corporation of every town where there is a dance-hall must insist that a living wage is paid to the girl partners, and that the management of the hall does its utmost only to employ girls of good character.

Contamination

One undesirable girl, recruited from a low night-club in Glasgow or London, may contaminate the minds of dozens of simple and hitherto innocent girls.

There should be no difficulty in securing reasonable rates of pay. Despite the cry that the vogue for dancing is dying, dance-halls earn golden profits.

And since their managers provide partners in order to attract patrons, but do not provide these girls with food, fares or lodging, it is obviously unfair that such a high percentage should be deducted from the girls' takings.

Five per cent. at most would be sufficient to repay dance-hall proprietors for their trouble in obtaining a suitable staff of professional partners.

Something must be done, and done quickly, to make life easier and less beset with perils for these poor moths of the modern pleasure-craze.

Eleven o'clockishness

Bobby turns up his nose at ordinary milk and says it's skinny. Milk makes sturdy legs and bright eyes and rosy cheeks. Bobby must have it and if he won't take it one way, he must be persuaded to take it another.

And so, when Bobby brings his chin to the kitchen table in the middle of the morning, what does mother do? She gives him a piece of bread or a biscuit spread nice and thick with Nestlé's Milk. And that does it—for Nestle's Milk is rich, pure, full-cream farm milk, so prepared that the most delicate digestion can take it and absorb all the good that is in it.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

The guarantee appears in this issue on page 12.

Keep alert at the wheel

WRIGLEY'S overcomes that drowsy feeling so often experienced by motorists. The very act of chewing keeps you fresh and alert; also the healthful cleansing action of Wrigley's freshens the mouth and steadies the nerves.

Dentists and medical men recommend the regular use of Wrigley's after every meal—because it aids digestion and keeps the teeth in good condition.

Use Wrigley's—the sweet of refinement and good health. In two flavours—P.K., a true peppermint flavour—Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS
for **1/3D.**

The holidays for which you have worked and planned are here at last. Make the most of them and get really fit for the trying winter months ahead.

Usually change of diet and climate causes constipation, and this must be remedied. Take a Feen-a-mint tablet the night you arrive at your holiday resort and you will then get the full benefit of the change *at once*. Don't wait until you *must* take something; two weeks soon pass, and you cannot afford to miss a single day's benefit.

Feen-a-mint does not gripe and is not habit-forming, and there is no taste but delicious fresh mint. It is the safest and most pleasant laxative you can buy. Half a tablet is sufficient for children, and they simply love it. Banish constipation and you banish over 90 per cent. of present day ailments; doctors have proved this.

Get a 1/3 box from your chemist to-day, or direct from the manufacturers post free on receipt of stamps for 1/3. Every package guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied on returning package to us.

Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING LAXATIVE
FEEN-A-MINT PRODUCTS LTD.
Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

USEFUL & VARIED FREE GIFTS
ARE NOW OFFERED TO SMOKERS OF
SUNRIPE
the 'Quality' Cigarettes
10 for 6D 20 for 1/-
AND
SUNRIPE
THE *'Out-of-the-rut'* PIPE MIXTURE
NOW 10½D per oz

ILLUSTRATED GIFTS LIST SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO

The Sunripe Service
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PLUVEX ROOF FELT
Best for all small buildings; clean, neat, easy to lay. No tarring, no trouble. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 sq. yds. at 8/9. Heavy grade 9/-. Every roll guaranteed. Used under tiles on concrete prevents rot.
LASTS LONGEST! Of Ironmongers everywhere

COWES—*with Snobs on!*

GEORGE III. discovered Cowes. It was a small seaside village until George was ordered by his physician to go to the sea and bathe. It was a new idea.

Collecting his family, a brass band, and other kingly trappings of the period, George set out for Weymouth and plunged into the sea.

Later the Court discovered Cowes; and to provide His Majesty with genial company between his compulsory ablutions, invited Society to come to the town and stand-by. Society came along in yachts and the thing was done.

Cowes to-day is the Ascot of the yachting brotherhood.

It is the greatest sea-meet of its kind in the world. It spreads round the Royal Yacht Squadron, the most exclusive club known to modern social life, and provides the most extravagant pleasure ever devised.

The Royal Yacht Squadron, whose headquarters are at the ancient castle, is the soul of Cowes. Until recently, no connections of trade were allowed to cast shadows on its green lawns. Even the nomination of Royalty could not prevail against its blackball.

It is on record that a close friend of the King, a politician, was refused admission. Nor has the Squadron admitted, to this day, one of the greatest yachtsmen in the world, Sir Thomas Lipton.

But the club has unbent slightly in face of additional running costs. And now an all-conquering brewer, a grim-faced cotton magnate and a shy stock-broker or two may be observed occasionally darkening its grass.

It costs a lot

But it is an expensive privilege. It costs sixty-five guineas to join the club, and the annual subscription is £105.

The relation between the R.Y.S. and yacht-racing is, however, vague and nebulous.

The social cachet, of course, is obvious. One glance at the lobster-faced gentlemen who pervade the precincts of the immemorial castle will uphold the fact that they are "the people." They bring Society to the festival.

But, like Society, the greater part of the R.Y.S. do not race. Yet it chances that everyone who is a yachtsman, whether the owner of a gigantic 24-metre craft or the skipper and crew in one of a humble £100 outfit, goes to Cowes.

This speaks a lot for the excellent racing organisation, which is not in the hands of the R.Y.S., although the august body deigns to enter fully into the programme.

The wealthy yachtsman, possibly, goes to Cowes because it provides him with the fascinating prospect of being able to spend money there faster than anywhere else.

If he is the owner of one of the 24-metre class craft he can enjoy spending to an almost unlimited degree. The 24-metre or over 21-metre class are the big boats that get into the papers—the *Shamrock, Lulworth, White Heather,* the new *Astra,* the American *Elena,* and the old *Britannia.*

One of the big yachts—she can't race for the King's Cup. At the top you see a yacht's crew earning their keep. They cost owners almost as much as goes on lunches

The cost of building a boat of this class is anything between £24,000 to £28,000.

Sir Thomas Lipton's new boat that is to be built for the America Cup next year will probably cost more.

This item may be called a first charge.

The annual expenses of running, which include the season's racing, fitting out in May and June, lying up at the end of August and stowing away for winter, wages of crew, and other items, cost anything between £3,500 to £4,500.

Prize-money helps to lay off the figure, but every large yacht cannot win.

In addition to the racing yacht, which may be treated as quite a small item of expense, is the fashion of owning a residential tender upon which the owner and his guests live during regattas.

This extravagance is known as a steam yacht, and it may cost anything up to £65,000 to build. If it houses fifty guests it is safe to assume that it requires a similar number of stewards. It burns, when steaming, thirty tons of coal a day.

Baths too

Its furniture and general fit-out is as palatial as a modern hotel. There are guest-rooms, double and single state-rooms, sumptuously upholstered living quarters, white-tiled bathrooms—every conceivable modern luxury.

Lunches, decorative afternoon teas, dinners and dances are given on its 100 ft. decks. The racing is a mere afterthought, and can be watched at leisure should there be no other amusement to attract.

One great shipping magnate took a liner to Cowes last year. His bill of expenses must have been enormous. It certainly ran into six figures.

In the smaller classes of boats, we have the 12-metre craft, costing £3,500 to build and £400 to £700 a season to run. The 6-metre class runs to about £1,200 to build, with a season's expenses of £250 to £350.

The small cruising yachts come more within the scope of the ordinary man who can afford a motor-car. Three or four persons can cruise in a 6- to 10-tonner from anything up to £50 a year running expenses.

And there is good racing at Cowes for the poor yachtsman who sails his own craft; because Cowes, whatever its social pretensions, is a most democratic affair on the water.

This is, perhaps, due to the fact that the racing organisation of the meeting is not in the hands of the R.Y.S. The R.Y.S. provides only one race for its members, the annual race for the King's Cup.

King's Cup

This contest frequently causes more amusement than interest, since, in recent years, the R.Y.S. has provided an entry of yachts most of whose owners are certainly not sailors. The result is that hardly a single competitor has racing ability, or the desire to acquire it.

But it is farcical that the King's Cup, sometimes called the Blue Riband of Yachting, should debar such famous boats as Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock,* Lord Waring's *White Heather,* Mr. A. A. Paton's *Lulworth,* Mr. T. B. F. Davis's *Westward,* the *Cambrian,* and the *Candida.*

These boats, which make the yachting of the season, are prevented from competing.

Surely a cup bearing such an important title should be thrown open to the greatest yachts of the year?

She took her LIFE *in her* HANDS

THE steps were rickety. Reaching up to hang the curtains, she came crashing down and received serious injuries.

Many JOHN BULL readers have been badly hurt through falling off unsteady step-ladders. Watch your steps. Don't take risks. Be safe.

(Issued by the JOHN BULL *Free Insurance Department in the interests of Safety First.)*

1/-

HALF-POUND BLOCK

Chocolate? *Oh!* Milk Chocolate. *Ah!* Nestlés? Why of *course.* Nestlé's and Milk Chocolate go together just like Devonshire and cream. It's the choc that's choc-full of creamy goodness.

NESTLÉ'S MILK CHOCOLATE

The twopenny Bars are just as good!

THE HOLIDAY CAMERA

The All-Distance Pocket ENSIGN 37/6

De-Luxe Model No 2 45/- Box Model 25/- All models take 3¼ x 2¼ Roll Film.

Summer holidays are no sort of holiday for cameras. *They* have got to work. Taking snaps in the glare of sun and sea. Taking snaps in the shade of inland woods. Views of distant hills at one moment and close-up snaps of smiling faces the next. But nothing comes amiss to an All-Distance Pocket Ensign. Ready for every sort of photo, light, incredibly easy to load and use—this is the camera specially made for holiday work.

AND THE HOLIDAY FILM

Ensign Films for your holidays! They enter into the spirit of things—not worrying about a little over-exposure on sunny beaches or taking too dark a view of rainy days .... When you're on holiday—when you're too busy enjoying yourself to do more than point your camera and press the button—trust to Ensign Films. No matter what make of camera you are using—Ensign Films for happy-go-lucky days!

ENSIGN CAMERAS & FILMS

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

Write for the Ensign Guide to Photography—FREE

HOUGHTON-BUTCHER (G.B.) LIMITED
88-89 HIGH HOLBORN W.C.1

COMPANY MEETING.

FURNESS, WITHY & CO.

INCREASED PROFIT

The thirty-eighth annual general meeting of Furness, Withy and Company, Limited, was held on July 24th at Furness House, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3.

Sir Frederick W. Lewis, Bt., who presided, said that with regard to the profit and loss account he was faced with the paradox that they were primarily a shipping company and were in the pleasing position of being able to present a profit and loss account showing an increased profit, and yet it remained a fact that the shipping industry had had a very difficult year, and the profits derived direct from the trading of their vessels showed a reduction, notwithstanding that they had more vessels under their ownership than in the previous year. At any rate, for the moment they were more concerned with the fact that their profits amounted to £653,392, an increase of £25,642. As they brought into account from the previous year a sum of £241,564 they were able to recommend that in addition to the usual dividend on the preference shares and a continuation of 10 per cent. on the ordinary shares, an increased sum of £250,000 be placed to depreciation, which additional allocation, he added, is not really necessary, but in view of the continued depression of the shipping trade he thought it desirable to utilise the amount by writing a substantial sum off the cost of the new motorships recently delivered, as well as allocating such sum as thought desirable towards writing down the rest of the vessels and other assets.

It was sincerely to be hoped that notwithstanding disruptive influences, the past harmonious and smooth working relationships between shipowners and their sea-going staffs would continue to be maintained.

The report was unanimously adopted.

MOST INDIGESTION MERELY 'ACIDITY.'

Nearly everybody suffers at times after eating. Some folk call this indigestion, some dyspepsia, some heartburn, others gastritis, but no matter what you call it the chances are ten to one that the cause of the trouble is 'acidity.' Excess stomach acid sours food before it has a chance to digest, fermentation sets in and painful gases form. The surest and only logical way to relieve digestive trouble therefore is to remove the acid that causes it. 'Bisurated' Magnesia not only gives immediate relief from stomach pain by instantly neutralising excess acid, but also soothes, heals and protects the inflamed stomach lining so that healthy digestion follows painlessly and naturally. This is the only remedy to do all these things and if you will get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or tablets from any chemist you can be sure to have the one thing that will really help your stomach and rid you of digestive trouble completely.

TO-DAY HAY FEVER

Can't stop sneezing—
Summer Asthma—
Continual Irritation—
Gasping for Breath.

TO-MORROW GONE!

Here is good news—not only TRUE, but we GUARANTEE it—guarantee YOU complete relief inside 24 hours or money refunded in full without question! ¶ All you have to do is to take two or three of the magic little Rinex capsules! Simple—scientifically certain—because Rinex, by restoring immunity to the over-sensitive nerves of the mucous passages (shown above), frees you *absolutely* from further attacks! No inhaling! No irksome expense! No trouble! ¶ Ask your chemist TO-DAY for Rinex, and to-morrow be FREE. Two sizes, 2/6 and 5/-, from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Parkes and all chemists.

DR. PLATT'S Rinex PRESCRIPTION

Mentholatum for MIDGE and GNAT BITES
ALL CHEMISTS 1/3

THE CHINESE PUZZLE

Solved by an expert who lived in Manchuria for more than twenty years

Chinese troops are well equipped nowadays. Tanks are as familiar to them as rice

A Red soldier. He is hurrying to Manchuria from Moscow in trainloads

M. Karakhan . . . "a clever unscrupulous diplomat"

THE Soviet-Chinese dispute, which has taken an active turn during the past few days, forebodes yet another war in the Far East.

Both sides have indulged in highly provocative action. The Russians have used their position on the Chinese Eastern Railway at Harbin, in Manchuria, to push Communist intrigue to the utmost limit.

On the other hand, China's action at Harbin has been ill-considered, because she has broken without notice the Russo-Chinese Agreement of 1924 in taking by force the Chinese Eastern Railway before paying the redemption money, and has dismissed the Russian managers.

China, however, may well claim that the Russians had already broken this agreement by their political activities, for it was expressly laid down that "The Governments of the two contracting parties declare that the Chinese Eastern Railway is a *purely commercial enterprise.*"

M. Karakhan, the Soviet Foreign Secretary, is a clever, unscrupulous diplomat. During his time as Soviet Ambassador to Peking he was feared and distrusted. By lavish dinners, followed by honeyed speeches, he tricked a few Young China statesmen into signing the 1924 agreement.

While the newspapers are recording the movements of Russia and China, there is little word of Japan, the most important factor.

Japan is lying low, unwishful to take part, but she will no more allow the Russians to gain the upper hand in Manchuria now than she did in 1904, when she cleared them out of Mukden, Port Arthur and Dairen, and beat them in every battle that was fought.

The Russian Red Army is no doubt good, but it is without reserves or Treasury funds.

RUSSIAN aggression will unite the different Chinese armies that for the past nine years have been busy fighting each other. We know how splendidly they fought against the Allied troops round Tientsin in 1900, and they have greatly improved since then.

Moreover, the battle-front will be seven thousand miles from Moscow, a staggeringly long line of communication across inhospitable Siberia. This will hamper Soviet forces from the outset, and is a handicap from which China and Japan would be free.

If this war is by any chance averted now, the only factor that will prevent it occurring in future will be a radical change in the insane Russian policy of trying to convert China and the world at large to Communism.

China at the present time is in such a confused condition that it is very difficult to deal logically with the situation. Over a large part of the country virtual anarchy prevails.

Famine stalks the Northern provinces, leading even to cannibalism in some parts, according to authentic reports.

And all the while the cry for Nationalism becomes louder, the demand for independence of foreign tutelage gets more insistent, and the right of foreign Governments to protect their nationals is more freely questioned.

THE vast majority of the people belong to the inarticulate masses, without any vote or say in the conduct of affairs, which is in the hands of the Nanking Nationalist Government.

The British man-in-the-street may well exclaim: "How does this interest me? China is on the other side of the world, and I have enough at home to think about."

It is, however, necessary for us to keep in touch with China in order not to lose the outlet which its huge population provides for our goods.

For instance, in the textile trade, Great Britain sends annually 105,000,000 square yards of cotton goods to China. This export alone provides work for over 30,000 Lancashire operatives.

We hold first place among all other nations in the export to China of machinery. We also send out each year over a million yards of artificial silk to that home of natural silk.

Our former ally, Japan, has of late overtaken us in some commodities; she has made remarkable gains at our expense. America now leads in motor-car imports, and even Japan (though she does not make cars and has to buy them elsewhere) has made us take third place.

China's international relations are in a very tangled condition. We now recognise her Nationalist (Kuomintang) Government at Nanking.

Unfortunately, it is but a body of self-elected officials and clever intriguers, unacknowledged by three-quarters of the country and barely tolerated by the remaining quarter. It promulgates civil and commercial codes, having only a limited power of making them effective.

The foreign Powers are doing their best to meet this Nationalist Government's aspirations for equality and sovereignty; but there are trade and other matters which cannot be conceded except by abandoning all the interests of their own people in China.

Many of the Kuomintang officials are young, rash and inexperienced. Deputations of them sent from headquarters to administer different areas have sown discord and discontent, and have aroused great resentment among the local authorities and the people. In several instances these young commissioners have had to beat a hasty retreat.

One hopeful sign is that anti-foreignism is diminishing. This is due to the innate peace-loving sense of the ordinary average Chinese, now tired of the exciting political events of the past four years and impoverished by official exactions.

The great trouble is that the people will not and dare not speak out; they prefer to suffer in silence rather than run the risk of incurring any revengeful measures.

Chinese commercial circles have suffered huge losses owing to their industries, banks and businesses being swamped by political intrigues and strike fomenters.

ON the whole, the outlook is getting brighter. But improvement will take time—a great deal more time than the Washington Conference foresaw.

The Chinese recognise that their exclusiveness is a thing of the past; they know that, whether they like it or not, they have got to become Westernised, and in this work of reconstruction Great Britain in her own interests must play a friendly part.

The size of the country, its potential wealth in general trade, minerals and many other undeveloped resources, its dense population of hard and abstemious workers, are factors with which we, as British traders, will surely have to reckon.

Our Foreign Office policy has been on the lines of the helping hand, and this at a cost of not a few rebuffs and annoyances; but it is this policy which will pay in the long run and which those of us who are familiar with China fervently hope will continue under whatever Government we may be.

What though China be incapable of self-government: that is her own affair. The country has inherited a heap of stones, the ruins of the old building, from which she will yet raise an edifice in which to place her own ideals of Civilisation and Nationality.

Thirst class!

How's that, umpire? No doubt about *this* decision—it's in favour of the drink every time, when it's a Barclay's lager. This is the drink favoured by men of seasoned judgment. Barclay's light or Barclay's dark—both great brews! Topped with white foam, bubbling with coolness, full of the true lager flavour! It's Barclay's that gets the decision on every appeal.

BARCLAY'S LAGER

Light or Dark—the drink for a lordly thirst

Tea-time temptations

Sailor Savouries Toast

At your next tea-party or whist-drive try Sailor Savouries Salmon Zest. Spread it on hot buttered toast—and don't be sparing with the butter! Salmon Zest has a special affinity for hot toast—and like all Sailor Savouries it's made and packed *fresh*.

Angus Watson of "Skippers" fame Newcastle upon Tyne

SAILOR SAVOURIES

and twelve other tempting Meat and Fish Pastes

5½d 7½d 9½d

ANGUS WATSON & CO. LIMITED, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE BVR178-84

'You can't go wrong with it, Mum!' —*says Mrs. Rawlins*

"This Robin Starch I'm on about again, Mum! It mixes lovely! Smooth as a bit of cornflour! Powdered ready for you! That's what does it! Makes things easy like—none of your puttings in of this and addings of that with Robin! Why, Mum! there's everything you want and to spare in it already. It all comes down to what you've heard me say before. You're right—if you've Robin Starch and Reckitt's Blue. Reckitt's Blue's what you might call gospel with me, Mum, for keeping white things white—not yeller if you follow me, but a real outstanding white, and then I trust to Robin for straightforward work and a finish you can be proud of."

RECKITT'S BLUE
AND
ROBIN Starch

RECKITT & SONS, LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Hall's Wine does build Health

READ THIS LETTER.—*"I have been ill for 3 years . . . I am still very weak but find after having had several bottles of Hall's Wine I am a different person. I can walk about now for a short time. One feels the strength returning after a few doses. I find nothing to equal it for giving one strength."*
MRS. A. PRATT, 80, BURGOYNE RD., HARRINGAY.

For over 35 years this great Tonic Restorative has been unequalled in—
Anæmia
Convalescence
Exhaustion
Neuralgia
Overwork
Depression
Weariness
and all run-down conditions.

Large Bottle **5/6**
Smaller Size **3/3**

Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, &c.

HALL'S WINE IS THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

BABY USED TO CRY WITH PAIN

Rash on Shoulders Two Years. Cuticura Healed.

"Baby was only four months old when a rash broke out on his shoulders. It was of a dry nature and inflamed and he was forever making it bleed. It kept him from sleeping and he used to cry with the pain. We had to bandage the affected parts. He had the trouble about two years.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I purchased a tablet of Soap and a box of Ointment and by the time I had used them he was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Mattison, 2A, Hindhaugh St., Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.

Cuticura Talcum, the newest member of the Cuticura family, for the newest member of your family.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

You can't grow your own tobacco

—but you can buy Zig-Zag and roll your own cigarettes. You save 3½d. in every shilling this way and get a fresher smoke besides.

ZIG-ZAG

CIGARETTE PAPERS

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women and children that relieves Rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our Illustrated book on Rupture and its Relief, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon.

BROOKS APPLIANCE Co. Ltd.

(468F), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(468F), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Relief of Rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

Please write plainly .....

She lost on both Roundabouts *and Swings*

AT nineteen years of age I was a happy girl in domestic service. My mistress was kind, and gave me every opportunity to relax from duties.

The house was in a small village near the coast, and I found little to do on free evenings.

When a travelling fair visited the place and set up tents on the common, there was tremendous excitement amongst the villagers. I hung about, too, eager for any diversion from the ordinary humdrum routine of my life.

One day an engine-driver, a good-looking young man, noticed me, and began to chat. I was thrilled. I forgot that I was engaged to a boy at home, and when the new boy began to make love to me I responded.

Then came the day when the fair was due to move on. My world turned dark, until my new lover demanded. "Why shouldn't you give in your notice and throw in your lot with us travelling folk?"

The nomad life attracted me, and, young and foolish as I was, I agreed.

But one night, when we were talking over our plans for the future, my old lover turned up.

There was a dreadful scene. My old lover swore that no one but himself should have me. The other said that he wanted nobody's leavings and flung me away. That night the fair moved on and the engine-driver passed, as I thought, out of my life.

In time the storm blew over, and I married my first sweetheart. For a short time we were happy. Then the fair visited our town.

My husband, after staying in the fair-ground one evening until nearly midnight, brought my one-time engine-driver friend home. My husband was bent on suddenly confronting us with one another.

I had retired when they arrived. I had been feeling rather unwell, for I was expecting my first baby. I refused to come downstairs, but this did not save me.

My husband chose to take it as a sign of guilt, and from that moment openly disowned the coming child as another's. The ensuing quarrels seriously affected my health.

The child came to a home of disillusioned misery. It only breathed a few hours. I feel that my husband was the direct cause of this dreadful sorrow, and I want to leave him and to try to forget both him and my darling baby.

Do you advise me to adopt this way out and go back to service, or should I give him another chance?

"HUMANIST" says: Are you sure that he has ever had a chance? Or have you made it too apparent that you married him while your heart was still roving with the other fellow? If you show, as a wife can, that your husband now is the "one and only," he will surely respond.

UKULELE MA-IN-LAW

ruins a life

AFTER the war my husband insisted upon his mother living with us. This started my troubles, for she was, and is, a bad woman.

She encouraged one son to run away when he got a girl into trouble. She persuaded her daughter to live with a married man because he had money. Even now, at over sixty years of age, she gets her living by singing and playing a ukulele in public-houses.

Her jealousy of me led to her tempting my husband to stay out late at night. She arranged for him to meet women. My sufferings broke down my health, and finally I underwent an operation in hospital. My mother-in-law spread the rumour that it was due to ill-conduct.

When convalescent, I met a man to whom I confided my troubles. We did not love, but his friendship consoled me.

Yet in less than six months my husband used this incident successfully in divorce proceedings, won his case, and also got the custody of my boys.

At thirty-five I am left without husband, children or home, and have to go back to my aged parents.

"HUMANIST" says: I regret that you complicated matters by giving grounds for a divorce that left you without maintenance.

Make a fresh start from your parents' home, taking care to steer clear of further complications.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

DEAD HUSBAND

threatens her with jail

WHEN, three years ago, I proposed marriage to the girl I loved she made a confession.

When she was a child of barely fifteen, she told me, a man eight years her senior paid her a great deal of attention. Seeing no ill-intent in the man, she walked out with him.

The inevitable result followed, and when he offered to marry her before the child was born, she eagerly agreed.

As her father would have made trouble if the facts had come to his ears, the man forged the signature to the consent paper, and they were married.

For a time her husband was fairly attentive, but when her health broke down the situation changed. To add further misery to her distress, he was dismissed his job through idleness.

Then blows frequently came her way, and as a result the baby was born prematurely. Yet she managed to endure the cruelty, poverty and neglect for three years.

Then came the last blow. The fellow began to bring girls of loose life into the home.

Taking her child, my friend immediately returned to her father. No sooner had she left her husband than he sold the home and joined the Army as a single man.

She learned that he was drafted to Egypt, and later came a rumour that he had died there of fever.

She never gave the man another thought until she met me and returned my love.

I admired her all the more for this outspoken frankness, and presently, having a chance of a good post in Birmingham, I accepted it.

My girl and I were recently married in this town, where she thought no one could possibly know of her past.

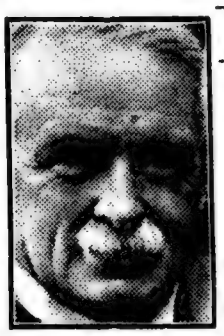
But the slings of Fate held still another stone for my dear girl.

She has had a letter from her home town saying that her husband had recovered and was making enquiries for her, and he has now written threatening to inform the police if "his wife is not returned to him at once."

This has terrified her, for she dreads even seeing the man again. Besides, she is now expecting our baby.

Shall we carry on, hoping for the best? Or shall I write to her husband, tell him what has happened, and let him decide?

"HUMANIST" says: Carry on. There is the question of a technical bigamy, but there is little chance, in the circumstances, of unpleasant consequences. The other man can obtain a divorce if he wishes, when evidence of the two marriages need not arise.



". . . Mr. Lloyd George was the most powerful statesman"

Homely Wisdom by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Ups and Downs

IN the dark and troubled ninth century Europe was the scene of almost perpetual conflict. Few people realise, for instance, how very near it came to being conquered by the followers of Mahomet.

If this had happened, I suppose St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey would never have been built, and the symbol of our religion, if we had any, would to-day be the crescent instead of the cross.

At the time when Arab armies were over-running Sicily and southern Italy up to the walls of Rome, one of their leaders was taken prisoner by the soldiers of the Pope.

Nothing could make him speak, and he was never seen to smile. At length, for amusement, the commandant of the castle where he was confined offered a prize to anyone who could break his sulky silence.

The prize was won involuntarily by a humble carter who was bringing supplies for the garrison. The Arab chief had never seen a wheel turning before, and when he saw the market-cart lumbering along he gazed at it intently, and burst out laughing.

Of course, everyone instantly wanted to know what he found to laugh at in the rotation of a cartwheel, and now that he had allowed his voice to be heard he had no objection to telling them.

'That rolling, circular piece of wood, he said, was an apt representation of human fortunes—that which was on top to-day was at the bottom to-morrow, and *vice versa*.

"It is your turn just now," he added, "but it may be mine next."

Sure enough it was so. Treachery gave him the upper hand, and when he got it he made short work of his former masters and their fortress.

One cannot help recalling this incident when viewing the state of English public life at the present time.

A very few years ago Mr. Lloyd George was the most powerful statesman in the world and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was under a cloud; now the latter is Prime Minister, and is setting himself with determination to destroy all hope of the former's return to political dominance.

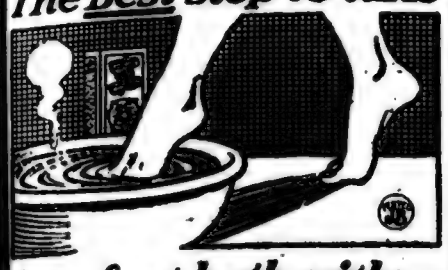
There was a moment when President Wilson was hailed in every country in Europe as a new Messiah; but he died a broken man.

Every day we see persons from whom great things were expected in youth come to nothing, while others are advanced from whom no one expected anything.

The lesson is plain. Let no man put his peace in pawn to circumstance; if he does he may quickly lose it. And let no man be discouraged when luck is against him; patience and pluck can usually outweigh the worst that fate can impose.

CORNS?

The Best step to take



is a foot-bath with—

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

No more sore, tender, tired, aching and swollen feet. Weak arches, corns, callouses, blisters, or any other bad foot troubles soon go. The thick hardened skin of which corns and callouses are composed, contains no nerves or blood-vessels. In fact, the upper layers are dead. It is not the top that causes such pain. It is the little pointed part which extends down into the toe and presses on sensitive nerves. Cutting the top off or burning it off with caustic liquids and plaster is wasting time and is dangerous. Instead of such temporary expedients, soak your feet in the "Saltrates" water, prepared by dissolving a handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a gallon of hot water. This will dissolve the oil and sebaceous matter from hardened, calloused, and "corny" skin, leaving it so soft that corns are easily picked out, root and all.

1/6 REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

VAPEX

INHALANT

Cures Colds safely

Simply put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the vapour. "Vapex" goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the dark, warm passages of nose and throat. The sooner "Vapex" is used, the sooner will the cold disappear.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.55 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

Wonderful Value

The All-British "MARVEL" is recognised everywhere as the world's biggest cycle bargain. First-class materials, workmanship and finish. Hard-wearing, light and easy-running. Fully warranted. Cash or easy terms from

2/6 DOWN

Sent packed free and carriage paid. Money refunded in full if not absolutely satisfied. Write to-day for illustrated catalogue of 20 new models, and particulars of 15 Days Free Trial.

Prices from

£3 19 6 CASH

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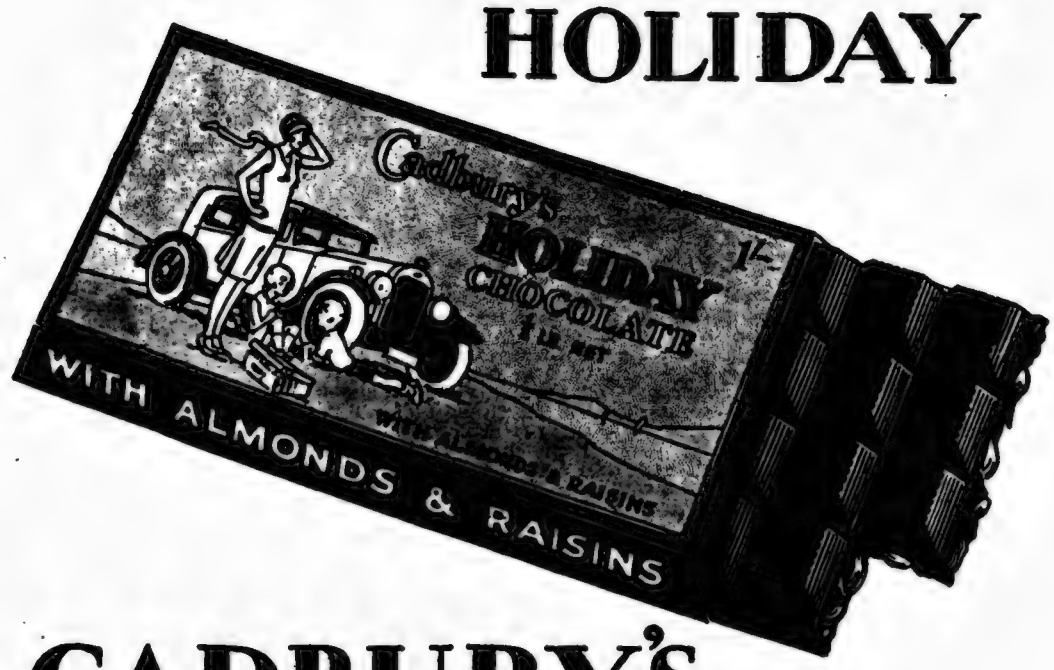
Dept. B749, BIRMINGHAM.

ZAM-BUK

Soothes Pain

Grows New Skin

Great success of the SHILLING HOLIDAY



CADBURY'S HOLIDAY CHOCOLATE

with almonds & raisins

1/- half-pound and in 6d. blocks

You can't beat Armour's Beef

When you've company—unexpectedly may be—give them Armours. Armours Veribest Corned Beef — its ready cooked and always welcome. Beef from the choicest pasture-fed cattle. No gristle. No bone. No surplus fat. Just beef, beef, beef. Say Armours and make sure you get Armours.

Say-Armour's Veribest

CORNED BEEF

Also Armours Veribest ox-tongues—for fifty years the standard of quality.

This is the girl, who set her cap,
And married the chap,
Who catches the ox,
That makes the beef that Armours sell.

KIDDIES—WATCH THIS STORY GROW

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

ST. LEGER
CES. AND
CAMBS.

UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS.

NO WAY BARRED.

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Write To-day Don't Delay.

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20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

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BET WITH THE BIG TWO

SEND US YOUR BETS BY LETTER.

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227, BATH ST., GLASGOW.

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KINDLY STATE REQUIREMENTS.

Our Letter A Parliament

JEKYLL and HYDE I know

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, August 6

The Greatest Living Briton—and Why

A FEW years ago, on Sunday afternoons, when walking through Victoria Park, I used to note an atheist propagandist of the most virulent type. He was always surrounded by a large crowd, and showed almost devilish ingenuity in revealing apparent contradictions in the Bible.

An afternoon came when my wife insisted on my accompanying her to hear a minister, at a small suburban chapel, whose sermons had greatly pleased her.

Imagine my surprise when I found the pulpit occupied by the Victoria Park atheist!

I thought at first that this was a recent conversion, but was informed that the minister had preached in this particular chapel for several years.

Which was genuine—the minister or the atheist? Or was it a case of dual personality? If so, he would have been sincere in both rôles.—*H. T., Ilford.*

His Stye

A well-known character some years ago in the East End was "Sloppy Bill," as he was known to frequenters of low public-houses and lodging-houses.

He would appear in these haunts suddenly and spend a few days in dissipation, sometimes begging in the streets.

He was incredibly dirty, and spoke an English which was mainly composed of tramps' and beggars' slang. He would disappear as suddenly as he came, and without warning or explanation.

It was later discovered, by sheer chance, that he was the editor of an old-established provincial journal of high standing. He would spend all his spare days on these descents into the sordid underworld of the East End.

It was not for "copy," for he never wrote about it. His nature seemed to demand these periodical plunges into squalor.—*S. E., Highgate.*

Lover and Lag

He came to our town, courted me, and at my invitation became a church member. Being a good speaker, he soon became popular, and voluntarily gave his services to the church.

Though we had known each other only four months, the wedding-day was fixed, and had it not been that a vigilant constable caught my lover leaving a house by the window I should to-day have been married to a thief, who had been "wanted" by the police for several burglaries. He got two years.—"*Lucky,*" *Durham.*

His Summer Side

In a large factory in which I worked some years ago, the managing director was one whose austerity and severity in dealing with the employees made him feared by all.

One summer I was on holiday at a well-known seaside resort, and went to a pier concert, where a pierrot troupe was giving performances.

The hall was crowded each evening, the chief attraction being one member of the company whose wit and humour caused convulsive laughter.

Judge of my amazement when I afterwards saw his photograph exhibited outside the hall, and found it to be that of our managing director. I learned later that he spent his holiday every year in this manner.—*C., London, N.*

The Winner

The most interesting case of dual personality I have known was that of a woman. Normally, she was honest, clean-living, and inherently idealistic. But she was fighting constantly against her other personality—that of an abandoned wanton.

When she married and settled down to a happy married life it seemed that her better self had conquered.

But a year ago she ran away with another man. The day she went away she sent me this telegram: "The devil has won after all."—*Coochie.*

Sinister Tracts

Many years ago a picturesque figure on the San Francisco waterfront was "Mac the Minister."

You would see him in some of the most noisome dens frequented by the scum of the sea, a meek little man in semi-clerical attire, handing out tracts and inviting the fuddled sailors to attend his mission.

He didn't seem to mind the curses showered upon him, and although he boldly entered many a rough house, he seemed to bear a charmed life.

Then one day he suddenly disappeared. The Customs officials had "got" him. The clerical attire was a blind; the tracts concealed slim envelopes of cocaine. "Mac the Minister" was a dope-runner, and his "tracts" were handed only to a chosen few.—"*Californian.*"

White Light and Red

Sailormen generally do not have dual personalities. Yet our first mate is undoubtedly possessed of two.

Highly religious, he prays regularly and fervently. He neither drinks nor curses. All reading he scorns, save his Bible and theological works. This by day.

But at night-time, in port (secretly, as he imagines), he frequents the lowest dens of infamy and indulges in most horrible practices.

In the small hours he stealthily returns aboard, kneels at his settee, head in hands, and prays aloud for forgiveness.

Then, at nightfall, he invariably crawls back to his wallow in the Red Lamp district.—"*Nauta,*" *Cheshire.*

Night Shadows

Years ago, after a bereavement, I became a victim of an extraordinary habit from which I am now happily recovered.

During that period I was in Chicago.

Every night, around midnight, I would "pass out," but only mentally. At four or five in the morning I would come to myself, to find myself walking home quietly in the grey dawn.

From friends I gathered that during the four or five hours, of which I had no recollection, I would visit various saloons, drink or dance, or even play a game of billiards.

I would also converse, more or less rationally, with various people. Yet that whole period was a complete blank in my memory.

It was not the real "I" who had walked and talked and sung on those nights. Who was it?—*A. C., Hampstead.*

The Gun God

He is a parson, and is known far and wide as an apostle of peace and an exponent of disarmament. He possesses a most lovable disposition.

He is never ruffled; always has a kind and sympathetic word for everybody, and in his everyday life is gentleness and humility personified, but—he has a mania for shedding blood.

He hears unmoved the death cry of a fox; he is happy when he finds a rabbit snared; he is full of satisfaction when he has shot a bird, and is content when some living creature dies by his hands. His gun is his "god."—"*Double E.,*" *Rhondda.*

Beggar and Beau

At night he is a street musician. Unshod and badly clothed, with a wan, haggard expression on his face, he looks like a creature sunk to the deepest depth of poverty as he plays his flute at theatre-queues and humbly accepts the coppers that are thrown to him.

But see him of an afternoon. Immaculately attired in lounge suit, hat, spats, gloves, and carrying a cane, he struts along the City's most prominent streets with the air of an aristocrat.

He is my brother; and though I know him better than any man, his dual personality is beyond me.—*K., Hammersmith.*

* * *

Letters in Little

For eleven years our home life was perfect. Then I discovered that he had a legal wife to whom he was abusive and cruel.—*E. W., Bath.*

In charge of a score of workmen he is a notorious bully. He spends his leisure doing the housework for an invalid wife and writing poetry.—*M., Devon.*

It seems that a good six hundred of the returned Members of the House are the perfect embodiment of Jekyll and Hyde.—*E. W. S., Ely.*

A female Shylock by day, she extorts the last penny from her victims. Yet she subscribes regularly to our local hospital.—*F., Sunderland.*

If he saw a dog hurt, or a cat catch a sparrow, tears as big as peas would trickle down his face. Yet his wife frequently bears marks of his cruelty.—*F. B., Bristol.*

A Jekyll and Hyde that I know is a parson. He is living on the dividends of a brewery.—"*Layman,*" *Lancs.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Don't Bet Blindly

Follow him!

ALCHEMY, a three-year-old, trained by Dobson Peacock, who was doubly engaged at Hamilton Park and won the four o'clock race, has caused me endless correspondence.

My dictionary tells me that alchemy is the art of turning baser metals into gold, and that is exactly what many JOHN BULL readers have endeavoured to do, but, unfortunately, incorrectly.

On not one betting-slip was the race timed. Backers have written "Alchemy; if absent, Full Cry." Both were engaged in the 4.30 event, and this virtually times the wager for that race.

Backers cannot be too careful when making out their betting-papers. Bets should be written as follows:

Fairway .. .. £1 win.

Yoho .. .. £1 each way.

Beachcomber
Clear Cash } £1 double.

£4 invested.
(Signed) J. BROWN.

Do not forget the line between wagers, and watch out for horses with more than one engagement.

Keep to correct racing terms. "Round up" or "roll up," etc., may be accepted; but they serve as loop-holes if you happen to be betting with one of the win, tie, or wrangle bookmakers.

If it is intended that stake plus winnings is to travel on to other horses, use the words "double" or "treble," as the case may be.

I think the best bet this week-end is Lord Derby's chosen in the chief race at Alexandra Park, probably Fraudulent.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 1, to Wednesday, August 7.

G O W F B V A 7 4 U X 3 M S R
Y D P C E Z K Q T J L H I N 5

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. EBKF3FDIEB5 would read BEACHCOMBER. "SILVER RING."

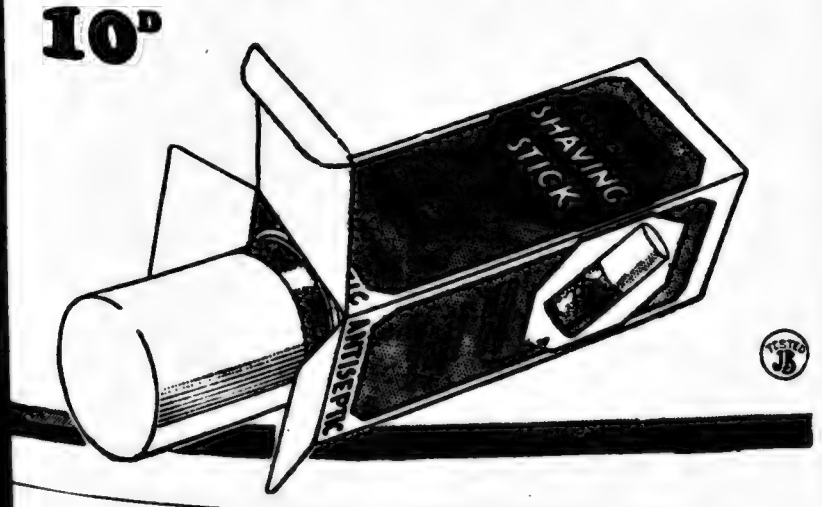
Sure because it soaks!

Shaving lather must *soak* the beard to soften it. Colgate lather consists of millions of tiny bubbles which hold the water right up against the hairs. Thus Colgate's soaks the stiffness out of them so that the razor can't pull; saturates them at the root so that the shave is clean; drenches them wringing wet so that the toughest beard is tamed. There's no resistance—your razor just glides along, and the job's done—a shave that lasts twice round the clock!

Shaving Stick and Refill—Large Size				10d.
In bright nickel box	-	„	„	1/-
Handy-Grip Stick	-	„	„	1/3
Rapid Shave Cream	-	„	„	1/6

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

10D



GUINNESS for HOLIDAYS

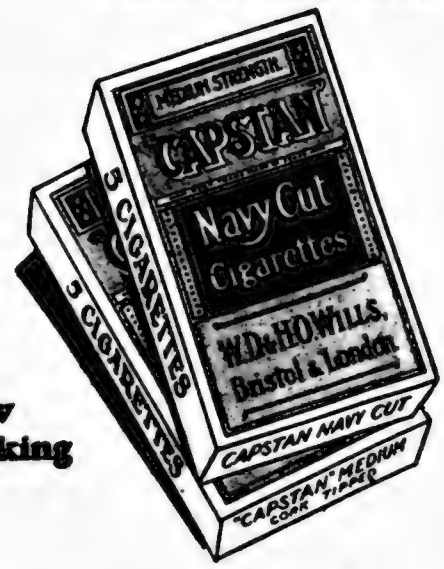
GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.33 a

A good thing!

Each way.

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED



New Packing

5 for 3d.

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. cc243a

£500

staring you in the face!

JUST think of it—£500 waiting for you to grasp! This huge prize, which must be won, may be yours for simple Crossword skill. Here is your opportunity of meeting a welcome £500. Make up your mind now to walk away with it by filling up the squares in the Entry Forms below.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale THURSDAY, AUGUST 15th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale THURSDAY, AUGUST 22nd.

A Big Prize Must Be Won!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 24, appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), August 8th.

Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 21 appears on page 12.

Clues Across.—1. Extremo.fear. 5. A monk. 8. Cerea'. 9. Part of a bomb. 11. Want. 14. Without effort. 16. One who sells. 19. Terror. 21. Yours. 24. Paradise. 25. Small blue flower. 26. Used in cricket. 27. Learned man. 28. Rim of a wheel. 29. Competition. 30. Attractions of London.

Clues Down.—1. A hillock. 2. Demo'ish. 3. Emitted smoke. 4. A ditch. 5. Enemy. 6. Sa'ad vegetable. 7. Rosy. 10. To press earnest'y. 12. Before. 13. Pertaining to Wales. 15. So let it be! 16. Transparent cover for the face. 17. Stupefied. 18. Emanating from a centre. 20. To estrange the affection. 21. Straw roof. 22. Yellow part of an egg. 23. Comfortable.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this puzzle.

Read these Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle below **IN INK**, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to—

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 24),

51, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.),

so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, August 8th.

Entry **MUST** be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made Payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed —— & Co. /, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, August 22nd.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, August 20th,** after which date the prize money will be dispatched and no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—

The Competition Editor,
"John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 22

M	U	S	T	A	R	D	■	F	L	E	W	
E	T	H	I	C	■	O	I	L	E	D	■	
D	■	E	■	O	■	W	■	A	G	E	D	
I	N	W	A	R	D	S	■	X	■	N	E	
A	T	■	S	N	E	E	R	■	S	■	G	
N	■	L	I	S	T	■	A	B	L	E	R	
■	S	M	I	D	■	E	A	T	■	O	N	E
D	E	N	E	■	S	N	■	A	P	T	E	
R	S	E	■	F	T	■	P	I	E	R	■	
U	S	A	G	E	■	B	■	D	■	E	A	
M	■	R	■	O	D	A	L	■	C	A	W	
S	W	■	E	D	I	T	O	R	■	T	E	

22 JB

Result will be published next week.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 22 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

Enter for "John Bull's" Big X-Word Prize this week.

Closing Date Thursday (noon), August 8th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 24

Entry Form "A"

24 JB.

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B"

24 JB.

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a Postal Order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), August 8th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Smiling Through

MEETING trim, cheerful Mrs. "Minnie," always ready to laugh at a joke, one would never imagine what a heavy heart and anxious mind she carries.

For it is no joke to have to depend on the twenty-five shillings her boy gives her to keep herself and two sons, the youngest a schoolboy.

"I have always been cheerful . . ."

It is no joke that her husband deserted the family three years ago.

Neither is it a joke to have to pay an extortionate rate of interest each week on a loan which has lasted two years, of which £2 is still outstanding.

This money was borrowed in tragic circumstances. Her mother, who died last June, was ill in the country with dropsy and a weak heart, and had no one to nurse her.

So "Minnie" left her home in charge of a young daughter, who found it impossible to run the house on the slender amount with which her mother managed, and debts accumulated.

"Minnie" nursed her mother for a month; but the illness proving a long one, she had to return home, and then there was the weekly fare backwards and forwards.

And it has been no joke to "Minnie" that even her son's clothes have had to be pawned to meet expenses, though, like his mother, he is cheerful and says, "It doesn't matter."

And it is hardly a joke that her doctor tells her she should undergo an operation before she can work again.

"I have always been cheerful," says "Minnie," "and that has carried me through the world."

Readers who admire a courageous woman will be glad to extend a helping hand, through "The Greatest of These —" Fund, to smiling, optimistic Mrs. "Minnie."

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities' Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A. W. King (Bradford), 2s.; F. J. Case (Bedminster Down), 2s.; Notsen (Leicester), 2s.; L. E. E. C., 2s. 6d.; W. S. (Newark), 6d.; T. D. (Colne), 1s.; A Sympathiser, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. D. Vince (Chopwell), £1; Mrs. McMurray (Surbiton), £1 2s. 6d; A Labourer, 5s.; Vec Tee, 5s.; J. A. Y., 5s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Black Arrow (India), 2s.; Mr. Chas. H. Dent (Manchester), 10s.; Mrs. F. E. McCrorie, 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Nine of Three, 4d.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; C. Mayers (Durham), 2s. 6d.; H. A., 1s.; A. M. 2s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; Colwyn, 1s.; Anon. (Radcliffe), 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Lytham), 2s. 6d.; W. F. Rees, 10s.; Anon. (Burnley and Nelson), 1s.; S. Booth (Weaste), 1s.; Mr. Chas. Falconer (Glasgow), 1s.; Grateful Heart (Hassocks), 4s.; A Widow's Mite (Gainsborough), 6d.; Billie, 4½d.; Idwal Hughes, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 6d.; Sympathy for Mother, 6d.; John Menzies, 6d.; M. Cram, 1s.; Ucalite, 5s.; S. B., 6d.; A. J. S., 6d.; Enos, 2s.; S. Hedley, 6d.; A. Stancley, 1s. 6d.; Still Trying (London), 5s.; E. B. J. (Oswestry), 3s.; Sympathiser, 5s.; Herd Laddie, 3s. 10d.; A Mite, 2s. 6d.; Mr. John Thom (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 1s.; Mrs. Westley (Walsall), 10s.; Mrs. Roberts (Leeds), £2 10s.; J. Powdrill, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 5s.; R. M. (Ashton-on-Ribble), 2s.; Mrs. C. A. Hughes, 1s.; J. B. Dorey (Westerleigh), 5s.; First "Second," £1.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over)

A Whale of a Number!

"Oh, daddy!" cried the angler's child,
"A *whale* has bit my toe!"
Which shows how children can be trained
In the way that they should go.

* * *

This is one of fifty jokes in "The JOHN BULL Summer Annual." It's no fish story that this is the finest holiday annual you can possibly catch, for sixpence. See page 3.

LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S BIG X-WORD SURPRISE!

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

R. (Hereford).—"What is a man to hen a lurly tramp demands his money lonely road?" Give it up.

M. (Newark).—"A woman likes a with a will." In her favour, of se.

D. (Eastleigh).—"To be born a eman is an accident." To die one achievement.

S. (Twickenham).—"Nowadays a an dresses to please herself." And noy other women.

bio (Maidstone).—"It's a funny , but I always get Madrid when raining." We only get wet.

P. (Baldock).—"I didn't like the my parents gave me." You will to put up with it or wear a mask.

C. (Chichester).—"It's easy to per- an Englishman to part with his y." But a Scotsman can hold his

A. (Holborn).—"These rowdy medi- udents should be punished." They nly deserve a dose of their own cine.

Y. (London, N.).—"I am sending n account of some of my angling ences." Yes; but you didn't en- any salt.

N. (Wellington).—"I've ridden s in Egypt, and they are the most orn beasts I know." They've s got their backs up.

M (West Wycombe).—"The old- ned girl certainly knew how to get ner." The modern one does, too, e uses a different method.

S. (Barrow).—"Geometry is really t important subject for children." er life it may be very useful to how to make both ends meet.

D. (Eastchurch).—"I was born silver spoon in my mouth." Then aven't you made a stir in the

ys (Coventry).—"I like to wear ss which makes me look slim." nd one which makes other people round.

(Norwich).—"What will become child who is always hanging on mother's skirt?" He may become ize artiste.

(Horsham).—"I wonder why a always expects to have the last She probably never forgets dam had the first.

Q. (Birmingham).—"I know a r with nine children who has d a widow with seven." That's arriage—that's a merger.

cK. (Glasgow).—"Scientists claim an's cycle of life will soon be in- to 100 years." That will be a oon to the instalment business.

(Battersea).—"A generation will hat will never get out of bed." It ffer radically from the present r generation, which never goes

B. M. (Clapham).—"Before we arried my husband was always me valuable presents; now he e nothing." Well, did you ever a fisherman feeding bait to a er he had caught it?

B. S. (Goole).—"I am learning to play the cornet." You can't intimidate us.

C. K. (Luton).—"I can always spot a good suit." You wouldn't if you used a napkin.

L. Q. (Ruislip).—"I was historical with laughter." No doubt you screamed for ages and ages.

C. M. (Sutton).—"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." But is also bad table manners.

W. T. (Egham).—"How can I cool the air in my house?" Bring a friend home to dinner unexpectedly.

T. L. (Dalston).—"It's about time our divorce laws were simplified." What do you suggest? Slot machines?

F. L. (Yardley).—"Women take too many frocks away with them on holiday." Well, they go away for a change.

GEORGE B. (Grantham).—"My wife needs a rest." When are you going away?

S. C. (Dover).—"It is easy for a man to entertain women." Especially if he is a good listener.

S. D. (Staines).—"The new arterial roads are very dull." We've seen a few bright sparks on them.

L. B. (Brixton).—"Some of our criminals would make very successful business men." And *vice versa*.

M. D. (Bangor).—"On reaching the doctor I had quite forgotten my complaint." Loss of memory, obviously.

T. K. (Shepherd's Bush).—"I'd like to see some of the new talkie stars 'shot.'" A lot of people feel that way about them.

F. H. (Wimbledon).—"What is done with the by-products of petrol?" Usually they are taken to the nearest hospital.

O. P. (Seaton).—"I am indebted to my old schoolmaster for what I am today." You should be a man and take the blame on yourself.

M. S. (Bloomsbury). — "Medical science is still hunting for the cold germ." Hoping, we presume, if it is found to make things hot for it.

L. R. (Molesley).—"Why does the modern youth put on such a bold front?" Perhaps it is because the modern flapper puts on so much side.

S. M. (Farnham).—"My wife and I never quarrel; we just compromise." Don't you ever do what you want to do?

Miss K. (Perth).—"For five years I have advertised that a lonely maiden seeks light and warmth in her life, and at last I have received a reply." From the gas company?

D. W. (Salisbury).—"Though I paid quite a long price for my new fountain-pen, I find it leaks terribly." It seems to be giving you a good run for your money.

F. D. (Exeter).—"They say the corset is coming back." To stay, of course.

T. R. (Nuneaton).—"I smoke an awful lot of cigars." Can't you afford a better brand?

V. H. (Rugby).—"My laundry is dreadfully slow." Ours always seems to be in a tearing hurry.

J. R. (Selby).—"London's streets are the best." You are not the only one who cracks them up.

C. S. (Fleetwood).—"The more a man gets the more he wants." Not when he gets five years.

C. H. (Barnsley).—"I owe my business success to pluck." Where did you find the pigeons?

P. B. (Chalfont).—"A man can get anywhere with push." Not if the door is labelled "Pull."

N. T. (Selby).—"I haven't the nerve to go to the dentist." Don't worry; he will find it for you.

J. R. (Trent).—"What does the upkeep of a car run into?" That depends on what the car runs into.

S. G. (Coventry).—"September will soon be here again." You must use the same kind of calendar as we do.

J. W. (Crawley).—"I have never played golf in my life." Some golfers we know have not been so frank as that about it.

B. J. (Ealing).—"A prophet, sir, is always a fool." No, not always—he may run a prophetic almanac.

L. J. (Kennington).—"I cannot get along with my wife at all." Have you nothing in common you can quarrel about?"

G. H. (Farnborough).—"Motorists never seem to have a good word for pedestrians." No, they're always running them down.

N. L. (Battle).—"My daughter insists on going out with the baker." There's no need to worry so long as she doesn't come home with the milkman.

J. E. C. (Rugby).—"She prophesied that I should take a short journey and then come into a fortune." She may be right if you go for a trip on the "Bullets" speedway—there's a record August First of £1,000 this week.

M. (Stratford).—"Bookmakers can afford to wear smart clothes." And they sometimes show a clean pair of heels.

X. Y. (Chelsea).—"Enclosed find a specimen of my art, to which I am wedded." Then, for heaven's sake, get a divorce.

A. Y. (Romford).—"How can I make sure of admission to a court when a murder trial is on?" The surest way is to commit the murder.

B. S. (Chelsea).—"Dancers need plenty of brain power." Yes, they have to remember the different names they keep giving to the same old dances.

VIOLET (Pontefract).—"If he tries to kiss me, should I call for help?" Do you think he'll need it?

F. M. (Newport).—"Real liquor is never used on the stage." Nor in the bars at some theatres.

J. V. (Mansfield).—"Do you think it bad luck to postpone a wedding?" Not if you postpone it often enough.

N. D. (Bournemouth).—"The majority of comedians are not funny in private life." Then where are they funny?

B. N. (Newbury).—"I rushed downstairs three steps at a time, and where do you think the burglar was?" On the roof.

J. T. (Worksop).—"I have just noticed something I have never seen before." We know that sort of laundry quite well.

P. J. (Dundee).—"Those who say Prohibition is a failure have never tried it." The same can be said of capital punishment.

H. F. (Grimsby).—"There is no such thing as synthetic silk." Then the public has been misled by a well-spun yarn.

W. R. (Ewell).—"Holiday-makers dress more quietly than they used to." Especially on the morning when the bill is due.

N. U. (Ludlow).—"When a man is really thirsty, there is nothing tastes so good as cold water." Then we've never been really thirsty.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

NORTHAMPTON DAILY ECHO: —"Mr. Haines was badly, but not seriously, BURST."

TIT-BITS:—"Contamination can occur by allowing the ICE-CREAM to COOK SLOWLY in insanitary surroundings."

THE VALLEY OF GHOSTS:—"And watching the other from UNDER HIS DROOPED LIPS."

WORLD STORIES MAGAZINE:—"They comprise coins and weapons such as swords, lances, spears and other HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES."

DAILY MAIL:—"A party should legislate not merely with BOTH EYES on the present only but with ONE EYE at least on the future."

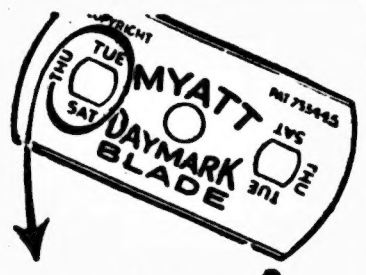
THE DUNDEE COURIER AND ADVERTISER:—"Witness objected to that, and Dundas stood SPEECHLESS AND SAID he did not use witness's name."

THE NORTHEND MAIL:—"OATMEAL should be purchased in small quantities and CUT IN PIECES."

SURREY ADVERTISER AND COUNTY TIMES:—"A party of BETWEEN TWO AND THREE members visited Compton on Thursday. SOME were shown round the Watts Picture Gallery and OTHERS visited the church."

THE LADY:—"Take two eggs, one ounce of butter and HALF AN HOUR of FLOUR."

THE WHEATSHEAF:—"Mr. Tutt had been no match for that great red-haired thing who had held him off with ONE HAND while she read the message ALOUD WITH THE OTHER."



Doubling the life of a blade

One Myatt Blade outlasts two ordinary blades because the 'Daymark' enables you to use each side in regular rotation and so keep the edges in tip-top condition. Saving blades means saving money. Go in for 'Daymark' shaving.

MYATT
PATENT DAYMARK **BLADES**
For Gillette Type Razors only.

PACKETS OF FIVE **1/3** PACKETS OF TEN **2/6**

MADE IN ENGLAND. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Supplied under Government Contract to the British Army.

Sole Manufacturers:
W. J. MYATT & CO., LTD.,
Argent Works, Birmingham.

WOMAN'S GREAT MISTAKE

HOW MEN READ YOUR DEFECTS IN SILENCE.

Every day millions of women advertise their defects to men without ever thinking about it. No man likes to see a woman take out a powder puff and commence powdering her nose when with her at a restaurant. She tells him by her action that she has an ugly, shiny nose and probably a bad complexion, that she is trying to hide. By blending a little mousse of cream with your favourite face powder you can keep your complexion beautiful and lovely all day. The mousse of cream causes the powder to cling to the skin in spite of heat, windy or rainy weather, or perspiration while dancing or playing tennis. It also has a tonic effect on your skin and its continued use will soon banish your shiny nose permanently. The mousse of cream in Poudre Tokalon is scientifically blended in just the right proportions during the process of its manufacture. This remarkable powder is invisible on the skin. It stays on until washed off. No one will ever dream that your fresh, soft, velvet-like skin and marvellous complexion are not all your own natural English beauty. 3,000,000 women use Poudre Tokalon every morning—women of England, France, America, Italy—the most beautiful women of the world now insist on having Poudre Tokalon. The new Rachette shade (dark Rachel) is specially prepared for sun-tanned skins and pronounced brunette complexions. 1/- a box. Compacts 1/3.

What Made His HAIR GROW?

Read His Letter for the Answer.

"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko.

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

Test-Box Coupon.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street (53, NE), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

TIRED & DEPRESSED IN SUMMER?

Take This Tonic-Laxative To-Night

You know that heavy depressed feeling in Summer—just a lack of life or interest in anything. No appetite, not sleeping over-well, listless by day, and often irritable, headachy, constipated or livery when at the seaside.

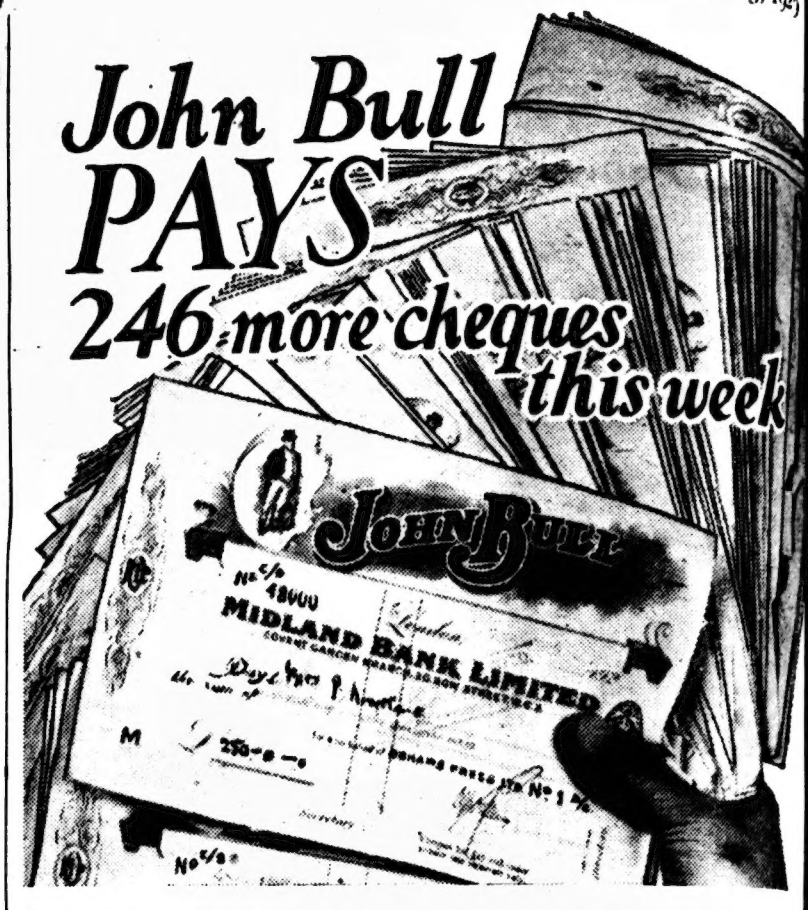
Get your stomach, liver, and bowels right for a start! Take Bile Beans, which are a most effective tonic-laxative of 30 years' high reputation. Bile Beans will cleanse your bowels of their load of poisons, rid your liver and kidneys of their sluggishness and put new energy into you.

Mr. T. E. Ferris, 17, Barton Vale, Bristol, says:—"Whenever I have that run-down, heavy, out-of-sorts feeling, a few doses of Bile Beans do me a world of good. They're a grand remedy." TAKE A 1/3 (40 pills) or 3/- (120 pills) BOX with you on your HOLIDAYS.

BE YOUR OWN BREWER
and brew
prime non-intoxicating
beer at home with
MASON'S
EXTRACT of HERBS
A real delicious drink sparkling and thirst quenching—costing less than 6d. per gallon. Buy a 9d. bottle to-day from your Grocer, Chemist, or Stores.
NEWBALL & MASON, Ltd.
NOTTINGHAM.
GOOD its Mason's

WHY LADIES SHOULD NEVER USE A RAZOR

It is the razor that turns a youth's first downy growth into a stiff, coarse beard. It makes hair grow faster and thicker—that is why men *must* shave daily soon after they commence using razors. Skilled chemists have perfected a perfumed, velvety, hair-removing cream, specially designed to solve this important problem of the modern woman's *toilette*. You simply spread this cream on as it comes from the tube, after a few minutes rinse it off and the skin is left beautifully soft, smooth and white, without a sign of hair. No blunt ends remain to shadow the whiteness of the skin, such as razors leave—especially when the hair is dark. This cream—called Veet—has been used by thousands. Every day more and more women are turning to Veet to save them from the stiff, coarse growth the use of a razor induces. 1/6 and 3/- everywhere. *Veet is a British Product of British Quality. Beware of Cheap Fo[illegible] Imitations.*



"JOHN BULL" in the role of the "Great Cashier" has dispatched another big batch of cheques to its readers this week under our Great Free Family Insurance Gift. Cheques to repair damage wrought by the Fire Fiend—cheques for Sickness—cheques to keep the wolf from the door when the bread-winner is laid up through an accident—cheques for parents whose children have been injured at play. Some day *you* may need a cheque from "John Bull." Have you registered? If not, sign the form below now.

"John Bull" pays Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accidents and Children's Benefits. Over £2,000 Benefits have already been Paid.

The week's batch for prompt dispatch

Owing to lack of space, we can give the names of a few only who benefit this week.

Fire
Up to £400

BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. N. Thomas, 34, Frederick Road, Aston.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. F. Shoosmith, 11, New John Street, W., Aston.
BIRKENHEAD.—Mrs. S. Harper, 157, Rodney Street.
BLAKENEY, GLOS.—Mr. D. J. Richards, Church Square.
CATCLIFFE, NR. ROTHERHAM.—Mr. J. Shenton, 3, Station Road.
LONDON, E.3.—Mrs. E. Donoghue, 69, Coutts Road.
LR. HEYSHAM.—Mr. J. Blacow, Wybgrove, Main Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. C. Pinder, 41, Lilley Street, Queens Road, Miles Platting
PLATTS COMMON.—Mr. L. Bowley, 68, Wombwell Road.
REDCAR.—Mr. J. Wallace, 23, Broadway East, Dormanstown.
STOCKPORT.—Miss L.A. Davies, 242, London Road, Hazel Grove.
SALFORD.—Mrs. M. Blood, 18, Pritchard Street.
SWANSEA.—Mr. E. M. Harrhy 6, Council Road, Trebanos.

Sickness
£5 5s. for Measles Diphtheria, Typhus Fever, Smallpox, etc., etc.

ASPULL, NR. WIGAN.—Mrs. M. A. Brooks, 591, Bolton Road.
BISHOPS WALTHAM.—Mrs. F. Ivamy, High Street.
CASTLEFORD.—Mr. G. W. Bateson, 56, North Street, Fryston.
COULSDON, SURREY.—Mrs. W. Young, 8, New Cotts., Park Road.
DOWLAIS TOP, GLAM.—Mr. B. Griffiths, Brynawel.
DOVER.—Mr. N. Chambers, 1, Waterloo House, Market Square.
FULHAM, S.W.6.—Mrs. E. M. Roden, 86, Broughton Road.
IPSWICH, SUFFOLK.—Mr. W. Adams, 14, Packard Avenue.
LANGOLD, NR. WORKSOP.—Mrs. M. Prosser, 80, White Avenue.
NORTHFLEET, KENT.—Mr. H. English, 6, Victoria Road.
NR. BLAKENEY, GLOS.—Mr. F. Reed, Brains Green.
READING, BERKS.—Mr. H. Salmon 3A, Cheapside.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. C. P. Price, 737, Hartshill Road, Hartshill.

Home Accidents
£2 per week

BLAYDON-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. E. B. Martin, 97, John Street.
LEDBURY, HEREFORDSHIRE.—Mrs. A. Powell, 97, Homme Street.
LEIGHTON BUZZARD.—Mr. [illegible] Clayton, Tan Boot Inn, Soulbury.
LONDONDERRY, ULSTER.—Mrs. A. Alexander, 3, Harding Street.
NEWBRIDGE, MON.—Mrs. [illegible] Rossiter, 3, Pennar Street.
PRESTON, LANCS.—Mrs. G. A. Southworth, 12, Rye Street.
RHONDDA.—Mrs. H. Jones, 215, Abergwawe, Pentre.
SHREWSBURY.—Mrs. R. Kay Hams, 89, New Park Road, Castlefields.

HOLIDAYS: To remain qualified for the benefits, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they received "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to commence the regular weekly delivery immediately on their return.

"John Bull" provides Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident and Children's Benefits.

OVER 42,000 BENEFITS PAID.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
***Hand* this Coupon to your newsagent.**

To (name of Newsagent).....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 3/8/29.

CUT HERE

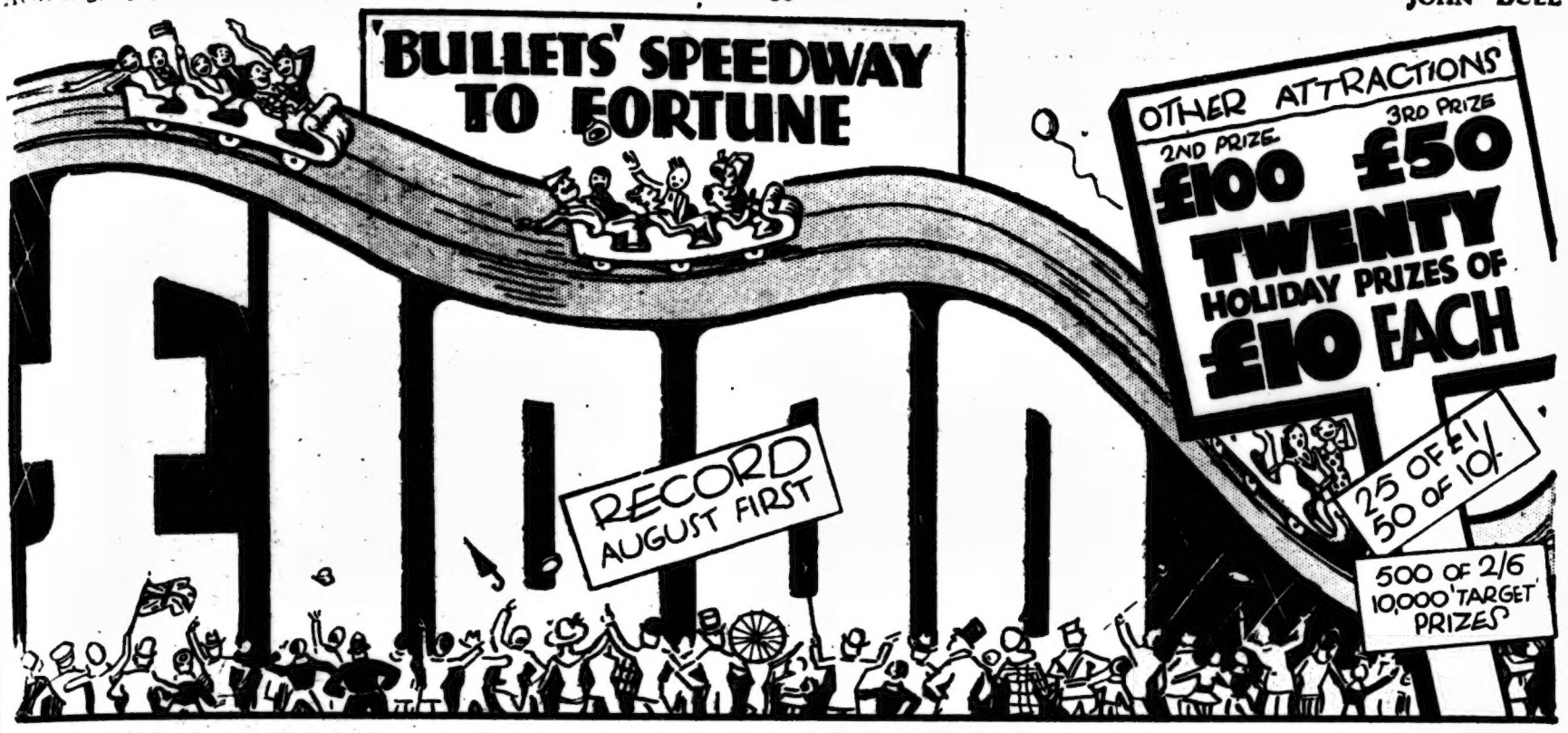
Post this Coupon to
"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature
Age.....
Address .....
.....
.....
Name and address of Newsagent.....
.....
..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 3/8/29.



BIGGEST AUGUST OFFER MADE

TAKE your tickets for the *Bullets* trip to wealth and comfort! The journey is a short and exciting one, and £1,000 awaits someone at the terminus—why not you?

In addition to this record August First Prize, twenty Holiday Prizes of £10 each must be won, as well as 577 further cash awards.

You have merely to add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples* opposite. Suppose you were to choose the Example BURDEN OF WORK, the words ONLY "ASSES" JIB AT, complete a *Bullet*. Twenty-three hints in the shape of winning *Bullets* appear below—Now work out one of your own, enter it before August 17th, and £1,000 may be yours.

£537 10s. FOR HOLIDAY PRIZE-WINNERS!

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 722.

Mrs. A. GARDNER, 320 Bloomsbury Street, Birmingham.
Example :—HOME.
Bullet :—EVERY "STICK" REPRESENTS "HURDLE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. C. S. DAVIES, 73, Cornerswell Road, Penarth, S. Wales.
Example :—THANKS TO THE TALKIES.
Bullet :—"STAGE" SUFFERING FROM "FRIGHT."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. F. E. HASWELL, Grasmere, Blossomfield Road, Birmingham.
Example :—SPLASH!
Bullet :—NOISE GUNS *Should* MAKE.

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

J. H. BARKER, 17, West End, Wirksworth, Derby.
WOMAN IN THE HOUSE—NOTICED COBWEB—INTERRUPTED SPEECH.

J. BRYANT, "Bassett," Knyveton Road, Bournemouth.
GALLANT RESCUER—TOTE, OF "SINKING" ODDS.

J. CARTER, 45, West End, Witney, Oxon.
IF I DIED TO-MORROW—WELL, DOCTOR ORDERED CHANGE.

Mrs. E. COWLES, 150, Queen's Road, Norwich.
RISING TIDE—MAKES EXPERIENCED WATCH "MOORINGS."

A. CREGAN, Kia-Ora, Shenfield Gardens, Hutton Essex.
IF I DIED TO-MORROW—EYES CLOSED—EVERYTHING "REVEALED."

Miss W. ENOCK, 2, Westfield Terrace, Loftus, Yorks.
BLAZE OF GLORY—VETERAN'S CHEST—PROFITEER'S SHIRT-FRONT.

LOVE, 10, Ripon Road, Winton, Bournemouth.
NO "MONKEYING"—SHOUTED PEDESTRIAN, CLIMBING TREE.

A. McDERMOTT, 86, Frithville Gardens, London, W.
GALLANT RESCUER—HADN'T LIFEBELT—THREW RING.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A. T. MELLISTON, 325, Jockey Road, Wylde Green, Birmingham.
GALLANT RESCUER—SWAM OUT—WITH MIRROR.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. G. C. MOORE, 16, Graemsdyke Avenue, East Sheen, S.W.
MAN WHO LEADS—MOTHER "UP GARDEN"—TODDLES.

F. NASH, Fearnhead Lane, Fearnhead, Warrington, Lancs
GALLANT RESCUER—REFUSED ADDRESS—HADN'T ANY.

H. W. NEALE, 64, Archfield Road, Redland Bristol.
BETWEEN THE SHAFTS—JILL—JACK'S TUMBLING *Before*

F. W. PEARSON, 5, Laburnum Grove, Portsmouth.
BETWEEN THE SHAFTS—THROUGH FALLING FOR CUPID'S

T. N. REYNOLDS, Poynton Park, Poynton, Cheshire.
IF I DIED TOMORROW—SHE'S "SHELTERED"—I'M "COVERED."

A. SHAWCROSS, 442, Windmill Lane, Shiregreen, Sheffield.
RISING TIDE—"HARNESSED"—SAVING CERTIFICATES.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A. E. SHERRETT, St. Mark's Road, East Howe, Bournemouth.
LEARNING THE ROPES—THEN ROPE IN EARNINGS.

A. SMITH, 2, Cowslip Street, Paddock, Huddersfield.
BEAUTY QUEEN—NATURE—"CROWN JEWELS," STARS.

A. D. SOMERVILLE, 10, Bury Street, Lr. Edmonton, N.
BLAZE OF GLORY—BLINDS PEOPLE "TO COST."

F. H. WHEELER, "Thurleigh," Lime Avenue, Dovercourt Bay.
THANKS TO THE TALKIES—ENGLISH IS "BOOMING" EVERYWHERE.

F. YALE, 9, Westminster Road Wallasey Ches.
BLAZE OF GLORY—HUMANITY ALWAYS THE "GUY."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of 80 £2 10s. winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 100 12/6 and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received will have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

5. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, W.C.2.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 727.

Within The Empire—Bond Of Sympathy—With A Little Persuasion—Dream Girl—Robbed—At Top Speed—The Soviet—Admiring The View—Loom Of Life—Judging By Her Face—Not On Holiday—Films—In Exile—Water Shortage—Just What I Wanted—Ups And Downs—Now Then, Mr. Profiteer—A Knock-out Blow—Poetic Justice—Praise Indeed — Nationalisation — Heart-to-Heart Talk—To Succeed—In The Nick Of Time—Youth And Beauty—By The Score—Harvest Time—Injured—Money's Scarce, But—He Tells Her—A Slight—"It Can't Be Done!"

(Closing Saturday, August 24)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 726.

ON LIFE'S SWITCHBACK
NOT WANTED
SHOWS IT'S BRITISH
SMART CAPTIVE
OFTEN
SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY
THORNY PATH
MAN WITH A FUTURE
HOUSES
HEAVEN HELP US IF
BRAVE HUSBAND
CORNERED
BURSTING THE BONDS
BENEATH HER

THROUGH THICK AND THIN
NOBODY MINDS
WE MAY LAUGH BUT
BRUTAL
WITHOUT SUCCESS
HEARD TOO OFTEN
AN EXTRA
TO THE MONEYLENDER
GIANT'S TASK
THEY'RE ON HOLIDAY, SO
ALREADY
MISTAKE OF MY LIFE
SOMETHING SLIPPED AND
BURDEN OF WORK

PLEASE, MRS. LANDLADY
HONOURS EVEN
LEAVING TROUBLES BEHIND
SAVED FROM DISASTER
NOT WORTH TWOPENCE
MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE
OUR HOPE
MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS
SERVING HIS APPRENTICESHIP
WANTED BY THE POLICE
GUIDING HAND
WHY MOTOR'S CALLED "SHE"

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 17.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(726) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Cut out each Coupon separately.

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 17.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(726) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 17.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(726) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

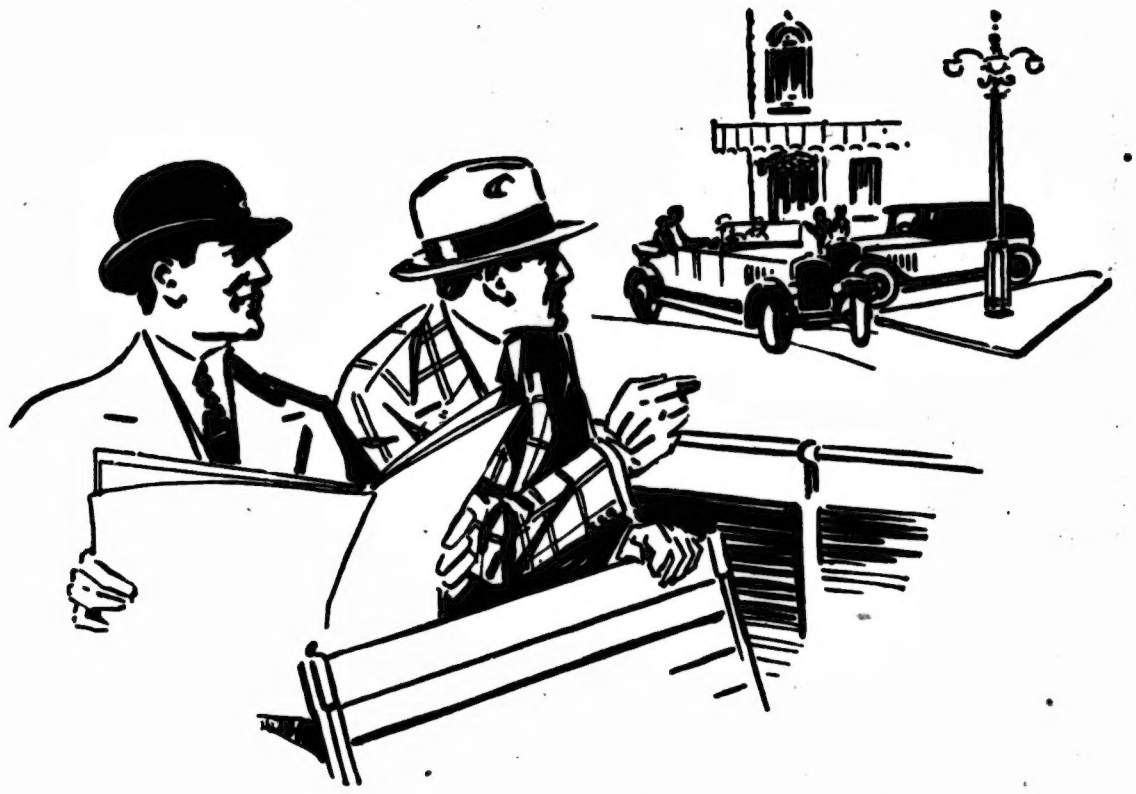
Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 17.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(726) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 726, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 723 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £3,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 721 will be shown in the window of Mr. H. E. Crawcour, 59, Red Lion Street, W.C.



"That was a close shave"
Ah-h! that reminds me - I *must* get a packet of

Sold Everywhere

Blades to-day

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR LTD., 184/188, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1.

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